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Robert Sherrill

THE FOREGONE CONVENTION

Meanwhile in Washington —

THE UNHAPPY RIGHT

MR. NIXON'S SOMETIME FRIENDS

Jeffrey Bell

PRESIDENTIAL POWER

THE CONVENIENCE OF SECRECY

Francis E. Rourke

ROBERT COLES'S DISSENT FROM SOCIAL SCIENCE

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LETTERS

whose gain; whose risk?

Pinedale, Wyo.

DEAR SIRs: Many people here in Sublette County were heartened by your editorial "Project Wagon Wheel" on June 26; it was beginning to seem as though no one else cared. . . . Thank you so much for calling attention to the five 100-kiloton nuclear bombs to be exploded, 15 miles from our town, and closer to many ranches.

Since we are a sparsely populated county, El Paso Natural Gas and the AEC feel they can afford to pay for damages to buildings and dams from these blasts. Since we are a sparsely populated county, El Paso and the AEC feel the danger of flaring radioactive gas will be minimal. Since we are a sparsely populated county, El Paso and the AEC feel that we will accept the sacrifice of our way of life for progress.

After a few announcements of tentative plans, El Paso and the AEC worked quietly preparing this assault on our peace of mind. . . . We were implored not to stand in the way of progress. . . . El Paso contends the benefits will outweigh the risks—which leaves us nonplussed, considering that the benefits will be El Paso's; the risks, ours. . . .

It is hard to argue technicalities with these people, but it is harder to suppress our uneasiness in trusting the welfare of our children, our livestock and our wildlife to their judgments, since all they have at stake is their reputation for accuracy.

If the first blast is a success, there will be about 100 more around Pinedale over a twenty-year period. Supposedly, these blasts and their aftershocks will not seriously impair the natives' or the tourists' enjoyment of this remote and peaceful country. . . .

Aside from the physical damage of the blasts and the release of radioactive gas, surely there is cause to mourn when we consider that what is precious and irrecoverable will be lost to our country. Sublette County is a part of America relatively uncorrupted by rampant commercialism, industrial filth, and population pressures. Sublette County is beautiful and private. You can walk alone and drink the water in the lakes and streams. . . . If I wax eloquent, it's because it's summer here. The June rains have left the trees a gleaming green, and the white of the snow at the mountain tops is savage in contrast to the deep storm blue of the sky.

Grace Anderson

P.S. Readers who want information on this project may write The Wagon Wheel Information Committee, Box 671, Pinedale, Wyo. 82941.

in the periodical room

Earlville, Md.

DEAR SIRs: In "A Special Plea To Our Readers," carried by *The Nation* in the June 12 and 19 issues, the publisher writes in part: "School and library budgets are being slashed throughout the country, and with the school year coming to a close, magazine subscriptions are not being renewed as in the past. Our daily mail brings many notes from librarians who are regretfully dropping their subscriptions for lack of funds."

"This is an alarming situation. It means that teachers and students who have always relied on *The Nation* to generate discussion in class and provide ideas for papers, will no longer be able to do so as easily. . . . It means that readers may no longer find *The Nation* in the periodical rooms of many libraries. . . . We are therefore establishing an Emergency Library Gift Fund to offset this appalling trend."

As a reader who has not always been able to afford a subscription to *The Nation* and who has relied heavily on

(Continued on page 52)

EDITORIALS

Miami: An 'Instant' Perspective

Precisely because the 36th Democratic Convention was not as colorful a show as some of the riotous gatherings of former years, the need to see it in proper perspective is all the greater. While a "historical" perspective cannot be fashioned as the delegates depart, certain conclusions are manifest.

On many counts, this must rank as among the most significant conventions in the party's history. It was, to a remarkable degree, the work of one man. George McGovern "drafted" himself, handpicked his staff, and prepared with their help his winning strategy. In the course of a long and grueling campaign, he was patient, tenacious and skillful. He was carried to victory in Miami by a remarkable grass-roots rebellion. A revolution it definitely is not, but it developed an extraordinary head of steam. The timing was good. The rebellion had been brewing since 1948, began to accelerate in 1963 with the assassination of President Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and raced forward during and after the debacle of 1968. Had these new forces not seized upon McGovern—and wisely—as the best available candidate to achieve their purposes, he would not have won at Miami. But without the right candidate, the movement might have withered. After 1968 what was needed was an honest, straightforward, issue-oriented candidate, neither charismatic nor gimmick-obsessed, the kind of candidate from whom anyone could safely buy even a used car.

At the same time, both the candidate and the movement were aided enormously by the incompetence of the opposition. The old bosses and kingmakers and whip crackers were humorously ineffective. The fact is that most of them have been out of touch for years and being out of touch is a fatal malady for politicians. Even at Miami, and in the wake of an experience that should have been instructive, Senator Muskie sought to set up a conference at which a closed-door "deal" might be made on the contested California delegation. Even now he probably does not sense why his suggestion, which seemed so reasonable to him, was ludicrously inappropriate.

Much has been written about "the new breed" of delegates. The essential points about them are that they were young and new to politics. Perhaps 90 per cent of them were attending a national convention for the first time, at least as delegates. They were attentive, hard-working, intelligent, idealistic but also practical. In dress, manner and rhetoric they were quite unlike the older party regulars. Not only have they given the Democratic Party a new direction but they have, for the time being at least, rescued the two-party system from the oblivion that loomed large after 1968. The Democratic Party will never be the same; that it has changed for the better few can doubt. And the renovation still in process will, sooner or later, force the Republican Party to initiate many of the same reforms.

The critical weakness of the American political process has been the absence of modern political parties that function as parties and not as more or less accidental

aggregations of clans, tribes, regional blocs and interest groups, coordinated by machines in the control of bosses. Given the complexity of today's issues, a modern political party must have a degree of continuity, coherence and discipline. It must invite the widest participation; it must be open to ideas; it must be concerned primarily with issues. It must carry on activities at every level—local, state and federal—on an all-season basis, rather than meeting for a big blowoff every four years. Parties in this sense have been denied us in recent decades. Now, thanks to television, which gave the nation a good view of the Chicago debacle, there may well have emerged at Miami the first modern national party.

True, the Old Guard has not surrendered, but it will have a hard time to fight its way back into power positions in the party, and it may just as well abandon any morbid dream of watching McGovern lead the party to defeat and then stepping in to pick up the pieces. The Democrats may well win in November and, even if they do not, George Meany and Mayor Richard J. Daley and Hubert Humphrey will not pick up the pieces. Mike Royko, the columnist, has it right: "They [the delegates] booted Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley on Monday and yawned at Wallace yesterday. It's a new party. I don't know if it can win, but it has raised its standards." It might be noted, for example, that the old-line Dixiecrats had little influence in this convention. Moreover, such men as Governors West, Bumpers and Askew are themselves a new breed, and offstage are Julian Bond and a host of talented young Southern politicians.

Wallace is a curiously unhistorical Dixiecrat; the older Dixiecrats would have blackballed him at their clubs. And, in a way, he represents a rather grotesque attempt to appear, in an age of jetliners, as another Tom Watson, advocating racism and a fake Populism. He cannot now be the great threat to the Democratic Party he was once imagined to be. Nor will he run as an independent candidate which, in a way, is a pity, for he would hurt Nixon, though his potential as a spoiler has now been minimized. In fact, one may well suspect that by campaigning as a real contender, not a wrecker, by moderating his positions accordingly, by amassing some delegates and by coming to a Democratic convention as a serious candidate, Wallace has taken much of the steam out of the Wallace movement. Many of his delegates are fine people and one may assume that, having watched the skillful performances of Mayor Kenneth Gibson and Barbara Harris, who chaired key committees, and having observed black delegates at close range, they may have left Miami with slightly altered political perspectives.

The party now rallying behind McGovern is not merely a national party; in state after state, the McGovern forces either won control or came close to it. For example, a new Democratic Party is emerging in Virginia. The nation was at a low political ebb in 1968; only in such a situation could Richard Nixon have been elected President. Confidence had been nearly destroyed, both in politics itself and in the two major parties. Violence was spreading. The young were angry and alienated. Confrontations seemed to have been substituted for dialogue and debate. The millennium has not yet arrived to efface these ills in a single burst of virtue. Nixon, as everyone knows, is

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JUL 22 '72

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a crafty, ruthless, resourceful politician with more than ample resources. The "pros" and the pundits and a clear majority of the columnists and commentators assume that he is a shoo-in; he probably thinks so himself. But he is not, because this is not "another election"; it has entirely different dimensions.

As they look ahead to the bicentennial year 1976, most Americans are deeply concerned about many things, but above all by *the state of the nation*. What are we doing in the world? What have we done, as a nation, of recent years that has excited the wholehearted admiration, pride and enthusiasm of most citizens? We watch in disbelief as President Nixon sets about, quite deliberately, and for purely political advantage, to emasculate the Fourteenth Amendment. Some of our most cherished political values have been debased beyond recognition. A shameful war drags on and the President continues to lie to us about it. Serious inroads have been made on constitutional freedoms. A strong case can be made for the proposition that no President has shown less respect for the Constitution than Nixon.

The list is long and painful and there is no need to complete it. Out of this general situation has emerged the discontent and unrest which have produced the McGovern Rebellion, and which in turn is merely the advancing front of a much larger movement. In a country as large, diverse and complex as ours, it takes time for a truly national sentiment to form and spread. But the sensed need for change has been accelerating. Perspectives have shifted. Institutions and parties have been battered from all sides by peoples and forces demanding attention. The result is that an enormous pressure for change has backed up and is now beginning to sweep the "old politics" aside. Change can be frightening; it can also be exhilarating. Our most conservative citizens really do not need to start exiting for Portugal or Greece. This is a rebellion, not a revolution—the Constitution, the Court and the Congress will still be there in November. But at least there now exists a chance to give American policy a new direction and to revive what in 1968 appeared to be an irrelevant and decrepit political system. Whatever the outcome, the prospect is pleasing.

CAMPAIGN '72

A Second Party

A new, a second party, is belatedly emerging for the first time since the end of World War II. To insure ratification of the U.N. Charter, FDR and Senator Vandenberg forged a bipartisan foreign-policy alliance which survived, and flourished, long after the Charter was approved. Throughout most of the post-1945 period, both parties supported the cold war, accepted the assumptions underlying it, and jointly approved the military emphasis which has been decisive in foreign-policy decision making. An attempt was made in 1948 to derail the bipartisan juggernaut, but it failed. On essential issues related to the cold war—alliances, arms spending, "anti-communism"—Truman, Stevenson, Kennedy, Johnson and Humphrey constituted at best a "loyal opposition"; none of these Democratic Party leaders tried to offer an alternative

policy. Nixon, with characteristic foxiness, senses that cold-war reflexes have abated; with his trips to Moscow and Peking, he has tried to position himself so as to benefit from the growing sentiment for a change in policy. But he cannot escape his fate: he is the residual heir of the cold war in domestic politics—the war with which he has been closely identified these many years.

Frank Mankiewicz, a top McGovern adviser, put his finger on the prime motivation of those who oppose his candidate: "It's now clear that there are interests in this convention who would rather shatter this party than see George McGovern nominated." Not because they dislike or distrust McGovern; he is a hard man to dislike or distrust. Not because they think he is too "radical." Not because of amnesty, abortions, pot or tax reform. Not because, as a Meany aide tells it, McGovern once voted for a filibuster staged by opponents of a union effort to repeal right-to-work laws. These are afterthoughts or secondary considerations. A bipartisan power elite fought the Henry Wallace movement in 1948 with implacable hostility; its members did not fear that he might win, or poll a larger vote than he did; they feared that the Wallace movement might develop into an organized political opposition to the cold-war policies they supported. Recent research on the origins of the cold war by revisionist historians underscores, and documents, the point.

Diehards in and out of the Democratic Party oppose McGovern because the forces which have brought him this far in American politics threaten to upset the bipartisan consensus which has supported cold-war policies, including heavy arms spending. These policies cannot be challenged by those who are themselves part of the cold-war consensus; oblique criticism and marginal disagreements will not produce new goals and priorities. It matters not that in the period from 1945 to 1972, the two parties have battled over many domestic issues. Sharp as these differences have been, they have not been pressed to clear-cut conclusions because the overriding necessity of waging the cold war and stepping up arms spending—Vietnam is merely the end product of cold-war policies blindly pursued—invariably undercut or watered down or frustrated reform programs. So we have had two parties in essential agreement—despite divergent trends in each—on the issues which determine national priorities. If McGovern is a radical, it is only in the sense that he would restore the two-party system by discarding the "politics stops at the water's edge" dogma which has stultified American politics for a generation.

* * *

Sen. Thomas F. Eagleton is young (42), attractive, able; he has a good educational background, Amherst and the Harvard Law School. He has an excellent record on civil liberties, civil rights and labor. Applying the strange calculus of Vice Presidential selection, he qualifies on two counts: he is from a border state which his nomination will help to place in the Democratic column, he is a Catholic and he is an excellent speaker. But it is ironic that McGovern, who started with an "identification" problem which was not overcome until after the California primary, should select as a running mate a man who starts from the same disadvantage. However, the fact that Senator Eagleton is young enough not to have been in-

volved in the major intra-party feuds of recent years may be a substantial offset to his relative obscurity. One thing is clear: even with Senator Kennedy self-eliminated, McGovern had some excellent alternatives: Mondale, Lucey, Stevenson, Church, Woodcock, Askew, Gilligan and others. He must, therefore, have thought he had good reasons for selecting Eagleton.

Eagleton's nomination should strengthen the ticket in Illinois as well as Missouri, which Nixon carried in 1968, and other border states. No doubt, he will play a key role in the drive to register new voters. Originally for Muskie, he is new enough in the Senate to have an unambiguous record of opposition to the war in Vietnam. He also supports McGovern's position on the need to cut arms spending, although he comes from a state that has received its full share thereof. McGovern, who has acute political instincts, obviously feels that he wants an active partner in the campaign, not a John Nance Garner. In retrospect, it may be as well that Senator Kennedy decided not to accept. He is a fine campaigner and has been carrying the fight to Nixon since the first of the year, while most of his colleagues were preoccupied with the primaries. He can perhaps be most effective in that role.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Manifesto

Neither the political Right nor the political Left has a monopoly on wisdom. Thus it should occasion no surprise that in this issue (p. 42) we are running a thoughtful piece by Jeffrey Bell of the American Conservative Union, expressing the disagreements of right-wing intellectuals with their hero of yesterday, Richard M. Nixon.

But some of Mr. Bell's colleagues have been driven to less subtle statements of disaffection. A group of them published a manifesto in *The New York Times* of July 9 in the form of a full-page ad portentously captioned: "Statement by a Group of Sober Americans." The sponsors—Mr. Bell was not one of them—were: William F. Buckley, Jr., editor, *National Review*; James Burnham, likewise; Ronald F. Docksai, national chairman, Young Americans for Freedom; M. Stanton Evans, chairman, American Conservative Union; Jeffrey Hart, yet another *National Review* editor; J. Daniel Mahoney, chairman, New York State Conservative Party; William A. Rusher, publisher, *National Review*; Wayne J. Thorburn, executive director, Young Americans for Freedom; Dr. Ernest Van Den Haag, author; and Thomas S. Winter, editor, *Human Events*. The sponsors are flanked by a platoon of endorsers, identified only by city of residence, who presumably helped to pay for this very expensive form of free speech.

Sober men do not often have occasion to call attention to their state (the mere assertion is ground for suspicion), but it must be admitted that these men have been sorely tried. They had imagined that Mr. Nixon was the champion of all they hold dear; they followed his banner and he left them in the wilderness. For Nixon is a man of the world, and he goes where the world beckons; but these others are priests of earlier rites, who will not permit their feet to stray into the 20th century.

Look, then, at their five propositions, and consider

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: August 14, 28.

whether or not they are fit to be nailed to a church door.

(1) "*The money a man earns is his.* The state has no right to treat it as though it belonged to the state and to dispose of it with sole reference to the state's own priorities." Damn the spendthrifts who would close the blessed tax loopholes that now let a man keep the money he has earned, or inherited, or somehow drawn into his coffers. And damn John Kenneth Galbraith who, in a letter the *Times* printed hard on the heels of the five theses, discussed George McGovern's relations with Wall Street, and closed with this sentence: "Though rightly considered a socially primitive precinct, it unquestionably contains a number of people who can see that the lousy and worsening distribution of income is a potentially dangerous source of social tension." Lousy! This fellow is no sober American.

(2) "*Price and wage controls and confiscatory taxation are an abuse of state power.*" These sober Americans really mean it when they talk of free enterprise. Apparently they want to go all the way back to Adam Smith, whereas Richard M. Nixon is quoting Keynes for his purpose.

(3) "*Coercive bussing is a denial of individual freedom and of the ideal of democratic government.* Self-rule and judicial autocracy are incompatible." The sober men are taking on the judiciary too, including the Supreme Court which, under a series of rulings dating back to 1954, under Democratic and Republican administrations alike and mainly under a Republican Chief Justice, has been guilty in their eyes of high misdemeanors.

(4) "*Concerning the security of America, there should be no gambling.* The SALT agreements as they stand are such a gamble." Rather, let's gamble on an unlimited arms race. Were Sen. Joseph McCarthy alive today, would he include the name of Nixon on one of those lists he held so tantalizingly in his hand? That isn't entirely far-fetched. At a Fourth of July rally in Boston, the chairman, Col. Lawrence Eliot Bunker, described in the July 6th *Christian Science Monitor* as a retired former aide to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, said flatly, "President Nixon is on the side of the Communists."

(5) "*The just interests of the entire non-Communist world depend on American strength and resolution.*" The United States "is necessarily the axis of world stability and peace." As in Vietnam?

Before stating their theses, the sober men present their basic position—that the present tendency of American politics, under domestic and foreign pressures, is "Populist and defeatist." The undersigned, they declare, "will vote in November according as each of us then judges the political situation." Not for George McGovern, surely, and apparently George Wallace isn't running. That leaves Nixon, the recreant. Poor sober men, they have no other. But if they want to hear some sense from a conservative standpoint, let them read Jeffrey Bell in this issue. They can hold the magazine with a pair of tongs, if they like.

THE FOREGONE CONVENTION

ROBERT SHERRILL

Miami Beach

On the morning of the second day—looking out at the drizzle, both meteorological and political—John Kenneth Galbraith observed: “The only hope for this convention now is that it doesn’t become totally boring.” It wasn’t totally so, but this tasteless, enormously costly, lukewarm stew of Democratic politics didn’t miss by much.

By the third day things had become so predictable that it was almost a relief when a minor wave of unhappiness washed through the McGovern troops, they having heard that he had promised some POW wives that he would keep troops in Thailand and ships off the Indochina coast until the prisoners were released. In some caucuses that afternoon there was even talk about bolting.

Actually the statement about residual militarism sounded less like something McGovern would say than like something one of his aides, in a smartalecky moment, might have dashed off for the press, in an independent effort to “moderate” his candidate’s position. It wouldn’t have been the first time that one of McGovern’s lieutenants had landed him in trouble; it’s the sort of thing that has made quite a few of his supporters wonder if the old Kennedy gang who surround him may not sometimes be too smart for his good.

Anyway, it was probably time that the true believers learned that their hero would have to be saying some things a little differently in the months ahead. There were clues to this when McGovern’s top assistant, Frank Maniewicz, took to referring to Humphrey as “distinguished” and to Daley as a beautifully loyal person.

Until the last session and the rousing speeches by Allard Lowenstein, Edward Kennedy and McGovern himself, this convention stirred no passions, and probably that was for the best. But when the endless and abominable rhetoric which still flourishes at these events has little passion to support it, the weakness of the convention hall’s air conditioning becomes noticeable.

There was very little intense lobbying for anything because just about everybody seemed to feel that fate had them by the throat. Exceptions, happily, were Sen. Fred Harris and the National Welfare Rights Organization. But NWRO, that remarkable group of tough mothers who demand \$6,500 a year minimum for a family, had been demonstrating and buttonholing in Miami Beach for a week, and most of its members were broke and headed for home before the convention even opened. They wanted that \$6,500 minimum written into the platform, but the McGovernites wouldn’t talk about anything higher than \$4,000, which is approximately what Nixon is offering.

Harris asked the convention to junk the vague McGovern tax plank, which talked about studying the loopholes for a couple of years and plugging the more gaping ones. Harris came on strong, reminding delegates that 40 per cent of the largest corporations (including ITT) last year paid no taxes at all. His proposed plank would have taxed *all* income, without exception. The voice vote in support of his proposal sounded loud, at least as loud as

the vote against him, but the chair was quickly killing substitute planks with its gavel that evening.

The McGovern platform is sensible and humane, but hardly revolutionary. It’s the kind of platform that unhappy political hacks say they “can live with.” It calls for the abolition of the death penalty, but the Supreme Court has already taken that step; it demands controls that would prevent the “improper use of handguns,” but many moderates like Mayor Lindsay are convinced from experience that nothing short of an outright ban on handguns will do; it demands a “substantial” cut in defense spending, but that is a waffling word that even Humphrey and Muskie would probably have been happy to run with.

Blacks have now been thoroughly baptized into party politics. In an effort to deprive McGovern of a first-ballot nomination, some of the Humphrey blacks, among them Charles Evers of Mississippi, proposed with a straight face that all candidates release their committed black supporters so that they could vote in a bloc for Rep. Shirley Chisholm. It was all presented under the guise of “black pride,” but the idea was to weaken McGovern’s hand. Few blacks fell for it. Of the 3,085 delegates, 454 were blacks. That is 15 per cent of the total, as compared to 5.5 per cent in 1968. Mrs. Chisholm polled 151.95 votes.

This was the first reform convention, built around age, sex and race quotas, and it did have at least a kind of freshness. But except for the question of the Vice Presidency, everything was wrapped up before the first session was called to order. The wrapping may have been done in a fashion far superior to that of the old backroom bosses’ era, but it was no less wrapped.

All the fight had gone out of Muskie and Humphrey before they got here. Their headquarters had the liveliness of a clearance sale—a last, hysterical flurry. As for Wallace, it was clear from the beginning that he had come to town with no higher ambitions than to display his physical courage by delivering one more shopping-center speech. One of the finest things about this convention was that the delegates did not allow his wheelchair to excite them into an emotional show of support.

Actually nothing happened in Miami Beach that changed in the slightest the course of Democratic Presidential politics as it was already proceeding—nothing, that is, except the resolving of the fight over the California delegation, which was a voting issue to begin with.

As soon as McGovern won back on Monday the 151 California seats which the credentials committee had taken from him a few days earlier, his nomination was assured. Even the networks—which had sunk millions of dollars into selling this show—had trouble pretending that Humphrey, much less Muskie, came to Miami Beach with a chance of pulling a coup.

Conventions have a way of making nice people appear silly through no fault of their own. Although presumably soliciting support is what the event is supposed to be about, just about anybody (but The Top Four) who actually went around seriously recruiting votes for any-

thing was looked upon as a kind of clown. Fellows like Hodding Carter III and Sen. Mike Gravel—"candidates" for the Vice Presidential nomination—were somehow plunked into the same category with Dean Templeton, who was running as a right-wing candidate for President on the promise to build a bridge from Alaska to Russia. Or at least that was the attitude until the last evening, when the delegates showed some of their previously suppressed independence by giving a solid 407 votes for Vice President to that amazing woman from Texas, Sissy Farenthold, who had been seeking votes for less than a day.

Security was tight; it was also stupid. The Secret Service had been slinking around town for six months before the first delegate arrived, working out details to the last link of the chain-link fence. Nevertheless, some rascal penetrated their defenses and stole a 5 ft. x 8 ft. picture of Lyndon Johnson from the convention hall rafters. It was replaced before the festivities started.

On the other hand, former Speaker John McCormack and Senators Symington and Magnuson were at various times turned away at the gate because they lacked sufficient identification for the security-happy guards. The Catholic churchman who gave the opening prayer was prevented from getting out of the hall until one of the convention officials came along and vouched for him.

There was absolutely no logic to the distribution of passes. Fudgy "reporters" for "newspapers" like the underground *Great Speckled Bird* got into the hall with no trouble, while some first-rate newsmen had almost to fight their way in. Jimmy the Greek, the Las Vegas bookmaker, was all over the floor, wearing an official security badge. Several movie starlets flounced about with "media" passes. These conventions are set up for the prima donnas of television, not for straight newsmen.

The weather in Miami Beach was miserable weather to move about in, and moving great distances was the one thing you had to do, for the geography of the convention could benefit only one group: the taxi drivers. The Mississippi delegation was quartered a \$6 ride from convention headquarters, and they weren't the most remote delegation.

Hippies and Yippies and Zippies were an important part of 1968 Democratic Convention history; they were of no significance in Miami Beach. In fact, far from being a "threat" to the community's peace of mind, the street people were even duller than the convention, for the obvious reason that they had little reason to be there doing their thing. The cops weren't beating them; the politicians weren't sneering at them; the candidate closest to their hearts was inside winning the nomination. Having no cause at the moment, the street people are willing to settle for publicity. Once I saw them gather at a locked gate, shaking it and cussing the troopers on the other side. That was futile, so they began shouting "where's the media?" A moment later a TV truck moved slowly up the street and the young people turned happily and trotted toward it, waving.

The leaders of the political youth cult have become as embarrassing as over-the-hill actors. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin were always available for interviews, and they always said the same thing, making jokes about covering the convention for *Mad* magazine and *Popular Mechanics*. At the 1968 convention they were spending their time in splendid protest against Mayor Daley's cops; this time they could be found in the Poodle Lounge and the Boom-Boom room of the Fountainebleau.

People used to think that national conventions were wasted time because they were dominated by political bosses. Now the bosses are gone and they are still wasted time. Last May, the Gallup poll asked: "It has been suggested that Presidential candidates be chosen by the voters in a nationwide primary election, instead of by political party conventions, as at present. Would you favor or oppose this?" Some 72 per cent of the general public said they did favor it.

The dealers who rented 1,200 automobiles to the Miami Beach conventioners would be unhappy, and so would the hotel landlords who gouged the 50,000 persons officially connected with the 1972 Democratic Convention. But the New Politics is supposed to move this country away from its commercially-based mediocrity, and the national convention seems like one hell of a great place to begin.

PRESIDENTIAL POWER

THE CONVENIENCE OF SECRECY

FRANCIS E. ROURKE

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Richard Nixon, his biographers commonly report, is an extraordinarily private man, whose bitterness over the exposure of the "Nixon fund" in the 1952 Presidential campaign was directed not least at the fact that it forced

him to reveal intimate details about his economic circumstances. As Garry Wills puts it in *Nixon Agonistes*: "The public self-revelation for which Nixon would be blamed in later years was . . . forced on him, against all his own inclinations, personal and political. By temperament and conditioning, Nixon is reserved, with Quaker insistence on the right of privacy."

As President, Nixon's passion for privacy has been very much in evidence and has had a striking effect upon the structure and operation of the American political system. Institutions like the Executive departments, which cannot be trusted to keep Presidential secrets, have been down-

graded. At the same time, the office of the Special Assistant for National Security Affairs has been given a commanding position in American government, largely because its activities can more easily be hidden from the public eye.

Moreover, his successful use of secrecy has greatly helped Nixon to frustrate the expectation widely held when he took office that the steady flow of power to the White House during the past four decades would finally be reversed. From 1932 to 1965 Presidential power rode the crest of successive waves of domestic and international crises. Few except unregenerate reactionaries questioned the assumption that what was good for the President was good for the country. But by 1968 a radically different attitude had begun to emerge. In Vietnam Presidential wisdom had proven quite fallible, and Executive power suddenly loomed as a source of danger as well as salvation. If the outbreak of World War II had seemed to confirm Executive wisdom and Congressional ignorance during the foreign policy debate of the 1930s, Vietnam in the 1960s appeared to furnish equally dramatic proof of the need to limit Presidential authority and to allow Congress and the public a greater voice in policy decisions.

Nixon's preservation of Presidential hegemony in the face of the discouraging prospects that prevailed when he took office in 1969 was a remarkable feat. A key element in that success has been the use of Executive secrecy to protect and ultimately to expand Presidential authority. Nixon's record thus far demonstrates that the ability of Presidents to operate in secret is one of their most durable sources of power in the American political system.

At the outset of his Administration Nixon moved quickly to exclude the regular Executive departments from major decisions on foreign affairs. This was an administrative coup of some magnitude. Previous Presidents had been able to limit Congressional and public involvement in foreign policy, but Nixon has gone them one better—he has managed to keep his decisions secret from the bureaucracy as well. Thus the Executive departments, which have traditionally been regarded as the major source of rules and regulations imposing secrecy in government, have now become one of its chief victims, a position of exclusion deeply resented by organizations like the State Department. Power which once rested in their hands has been shifted to the palace guard in the White House.

To be sure, all modern Presidents have been irritated by the many nooks and crannies in the large executive agencies through which information can leak to the outside world. In his memoirs President Johnson complains about the unauthorized disclosure by government officials at the time of the Tet offensive in 1968 of General Westmoreland's request for additional reinforcements for the half-million American troops then under siege by the North Vietnamese. From the Presidential perspective, Executive departments have always had far too much interchange with reporters and Congressmen to be trusted with confidential information.

What Nixon and other Presidents commonly fail to recognize is the extent to which such leaks serve the public interest—however much they may inconvenience the Chief Executive. Before the disclosure of Westmoreland's request for additional troops, American policy in Vietnam had moved steadily upward along a path of escalation in the

apparent pursuit of military victory. After public exposure of the Westmoreland proposal the policy of escalation was halted, and the Johnson administration made proposals to the North Vietnamese which led eventually to the beginning of negotiations in Paris and a reduction of the American presence in Vietnam. Thus, what Presidents may regard as the pathological inability of large Executive departments to keep secrets may actually serve the healthy function of allowing the public to exert some influence over the development of foreign policy. This is especially useful in a democracy where the success of policy may ultimately depend upon public support.

In Nixon's eyes the bureaucratic leak has always been particularly obnoxious because it links together in hostile conspiracy two occupational groups in American society for which he has always cherished the most profound distrust—newsmen and career bureaucrats. Back in 1958 when he was serving as Vice President in the Eisenhower administration, Nixon charged the State Department with “undercutting” and “sabotage” of official policy when it released a breakdown of mail from constituents which showed heavy public opposition to an American commitment to defend the islands of Quemoy and Matsu off the Chinese mainland. This 1958 incident must have haunted Nixon in 1972 when the most celebrated leak on the internal deliberations of his Administration occurred—the disclosure of secret American efforts to assist Pakistan at a time when the Administration had publicly pledged itself to neutrality in the India-Pakistan war.

As noted, the institution which has chiefly benefited from Nixon's distrust of the established Executive departments is Kissinger's office of the Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. There are many attractive aspects of this office from Nixon's point of view, including the fact that it has no constituency other than the President himself. It can claim no allies in Congress and has no bureaucratic interests or identity of its own to advance or protect.

But it is the secretive way in which Kissinger's office can function that chiefly accounts for Nixon's decision to give it responsibility for the execution of his major foreign policy initiatives. Alone among key foreign policy officials Kissinger is protected by the doctrine of Executive privilege from having to appear or testify before Congress. It did not take long for Kissinger to be generally recognized as the President's chief deputy on all matters of salient importance in foreign affairs—by the public, by other participants in the foreign policy process, and even the heads of foreign governments.

The value of this highly secretive style of governmental operation is that it provides Nixon with a capacity for maneuver and surprise that he could never achieve acting through the ordinary Executive departments. It is obviously much easier to prevent leaks from his own staff than from the career civil service; it is hard to imagine how the great coup of this Administration—Kissinger's secret trip to China in 1971—could have been managed through the ordinary bureaucratic apparatus without a leak occurring at some point in the process. However, it is equally hard to see why it was necessary to carry out this venture in such secrecy, except for the opportunity it gave Nixon to reap political profit by springing a dramatic surprise on the American public.

Mr. Nixon's long-standing aversion to leaks does not, of course, apply to disclosures that he himself contrives. As it was in earlier administrations, the leak is eminently valuable to Nixon as a means of shaping public opinion at home or sending signals abroad. In the 1971 controversy over the publication by *The New York Times* of the Pentagon Papers, the newspaper was able to demonstrate without much difficulty that the government freely disclosed military "secrets" when doing so enhanced its ability to win an argument with its critics or mobilize public support for steps it wished to take in international politics.

Thus, for Nixon as for other Presidents, the real power of secrecy comes from the support it provides for effective publicity. To be sure, such secrecy does permit him to conceal information that, if released, might reveal flaws in his performance or arouse opposition to sub rosa policies he is following. But it is even more important as a means by which he can selectively release information on timely occasions so as to mold the public mind.

In May, for example, after the mining of Haiphong Harbor and the resumption of large-scale bombing of North Vietnam, the dispatches from Hanoi by *New York Times* correspondent Anthony Lewis appeared to suggest that morale remained high in the enemy capital in spite of these American military activities. Quickly the Administration arranged a background briefing for reporters by Gen. Alexander Haig, a Kissinger deputy on the National Security Council staff. Haig released intelligence data to the newsmen present that was designed to show that the North Vietnamese were actually in considerable disarray as a result of the military escalation.

The role of reporters in this case suggests the way in which the media of communication can be made to serve as instruments of Presidential power, providing channels through which the Chief Executive can mobilize and manipulate public attitudes. Indeed, from the point of view of some Presidential aides, the proper role of the media in foreign affairs is to provide the White House with just such an avenue through which it can transmit messages to the public. As Maxwell D. Taylor once put it, "Without strong, articulate information media, the government cannot communicate with the electorate, or win popular support for the needs of national security."

But, as the war in Vietnam strikingly reveals, the media also impose a tremendously effective check upon the ability of executive agencies to manipulate mass opinion. Throughout the war, the coverage by reporters on the scene has provided the public with information on the events taking place which on frequent occasion proved more accurate than the data released by the government. Correspondents also exposed information in the hands of executive officials that not even Congress had been successful in ferreting out. Witness, for example, the Pentagon Papers disclosure in 1971, when the press made available to the public a record of the early history of the war that most legislators had never been allowed to see.

When Nixon came to office, he inherited a wide credibility gap from the previous administration. The truthfulness of the government was under challenge from the press, Congress and a variety of private citizens and organizations. Nixon's response to this problem was certainly not to decrease official mendacity. The record of his Ad-



Hugh Haynie (Louisville Courier-Journal)

*"How Many Times Do I Have to Tell You?
Step to the Rear of the Files!"*

ministration for lying may be no worse than that of some of its predecessors, but it is certainly no better.

What Nixon did instead was to attempt to create a credibility gap for the media of communications as well as the government. Vice President Agnew was the principal instrument of this strategy, with his repeated and strident attacks on the objectivity and reliability of leading news organizations and correspondents. The television networks were particularly singled out for charges of bias and distortion in their coverage of the news. This tactic of countering a charge with a countercharge of similar wrongdoing has been followed by the Administration in a number of other cases—most notably in the ITT affair, where it was suggested that the Democrats had questionable relationships with ITT.

Thus, rather than seeking to dispel the widespread suspicion that the government is telling lies, the Administration has sought to suggest instead that the public is also being lied to by the large news organizations. Since the media generate the principal pressure for open government in a democratic society, a successful effort to weaken their standing in the public eye will greatly increase the capacity of an administration to govern in secret.

Nixon clearly regards secrecy as enormously advantageous for the performance of his role as President. Living most of his adult life in the bath of publicity that normally surrounds party politics and election campaigns in the United States, Nixon nonetheless senses the value

of secrecy for the actual task of governance once a politician has been elected to office. From de Gaulle, whom he and Kissinger so much admire, Nixon has learned that a certain remoteness on the part of the ruler and the process by which he rules exerts an irresistible fascination for the public—creating an air of mystery about a regime whose activities in the full light of day seem quite prosaic.

Moreover, secrecy creates distance, and distance helps a political leader conceal limitations and imperfections. Certainly it is more useful in this regard than constant exposure to interrogation by frequently hostile reporters. It is not surprising, therefore, that the President did not schedule a formal televised press conference from June of 1971 to June of 1972. Last year only nine ad hoc meetings with reporters were held, as compared to the twenty-four to thirty-five such conferences Presidents have conducted during each of the past twenty-five years.

Secrecy also permits Nixon to strengthen the impression of competence surrounding his Administration. The fact that he was acting on secret information in some of his major decisions in the past often seems to have provided the country with more reassurance than anything revealed in public. This is true in spite of the fact—noted by George Reedy in his *Twilight of the Presidency*—that the Chief Executive often makes his decisions on the basis of information no better than that available to the ordinary newspaper reader. Moreover, a secret trip abroad by a Presidential emissary always seems to promise more than a publicly announced visit. For the traditional American belief that secrecy in government conceals corruption and incompetence, we have now substituted the notion that it signifies a masterful control of processes too complex for public understanding.

For this reason secrecy has been extremely useful to Nixon as a means of immobilizing domestic critics of his performance in office. With respect to problems for which

no public solution has yet been offered—Vietnam, for example—the Administration has always been able to claim that great things were being done in secret. If nothing else, the prospect that secret plans may actually be afoot prevents political opponents at home from pressing their attack. What can they do or say today without risking the possibility that the President will pull the rug out from under them tomorrow? Thus, while the rationale for secrecy has long been that it creates uncertainty and paralysis on the part of foreign adversaries, in point of fact it creates as much if not more confusion in domestic politics.

The most paradoxical aspect of Executive secrecy as it is practiced under Nixon is that more is now communicated to adversaries abroad about the foreign policy of the United States and the intentions of its President than is shared with the American public itself. Great care is taken to send Kissinger to Moscow and Peking, so that the rulers of these states will not misunderstand what it is that America is up to when it mines the harbors of North Vietnam and pulverizes it from the air. No such equivalent efforts are undertaken in this country. How much better informed we would all be if Brezhnev and Chou would share with us what they have learned from Kissinger about recent decisions in American foreign policy!

Where does all this leave us who are—happily or unhappily—Nixon's constituents? It leaves us essentially where we have been since Franklin Roosevelt—residents in a political system which concentrates more power in the hands of a single ruler than the world has ever before seen. Writing a while ago, Ernest Barker characterized democracy as "government by discussion." We cannot escape a bleak question: is there a major political system anywhere today in which momentous decisions can be taken in secret by a single ruler with less prior discussion than in the United States? □

THE UNHAPPY RIGHT

MR. NIXON'S SOMETIME FRIENDS

JEFFREY BELL

Aware of the dilemma in which right-wing intellectuals find themselves as a result of Mr. Nixon's recent moves at home and abroad, The Nation has asked one of them to express himself on the subject. Mr. Bell worked on Richard Nixon's 1968 campaign and served from 1969 to 1972 as Capitol Hill director of the American Conservative Union.

Washington

The story of American conservatives in the past four years is one of riches to rags. In the years 1966 through 1969, it was a commonplace among political observers that the country was growing progressively more conservative. Grass-roots hostility to Lyndon Johnson's Great Society social engineering, no less than disillusion with the war in Indochina, sent dozens of Right-of-Center Republicans to Congress in 1966.

In 1968, for the first time in more than a generation, the conservative wing of the Republican Party won both a national convention and Presidential election; Richard Nixon was nominated and elected in the face of enmity from virtually every liberal in America. Unlike 1960, he ran on a conservative platform with a conservative running mate in what seemed a predominantly conservative country. George Wallace's 13 per cent third-party showing added to this impression. The trend continued into 1969, when liberals were unexpectedly beaten in the mayoralty primaries or elections of New York, Minneapolis and Los Angeles. Then, some time in the following year, the trend stopped.

While during the first two years of his Administration Nixon had followed moderately liberal policies, such as support for the guaranteed-income Family Assistance Plan, higher funding of Great Society programs,

reductions in military spending and gradual withdrawal from Vietnam, these policies had been obscured by a cloud of hard-line conservative rhetoric. FAP, for example, was depicted as "workfare"—a crackdown on welfare recipients—rather than as the extension of the present welfare system to low-income workers, which it is. A perhaps prudent retreat from Vietnam was accompanied by calls to national honor from the White House. With a very few exceptions, as, for example, James Reston of *The New York Times*, liberals added to this skewed perception by reacting to Nixon's slightly Left-of-LBJ policies as though they were major rightward departures. (In only two related areas, crime and judicial appointments, was their perception accurate.)

Nixon, who was as aware as anyone of the political trend to the Right in 1966-69, had for reasons of his own adopted policies which continued and elaborated on the immediate Democratic past. But to take continuing advantage of the conservative political surge that had made his election possible, Nixon had to disguise these policies as something else. On the occasion of the 1970 midterm elections, he did so with a vengeance.

Vice President Agnew was dispatched on a campaign tour against "radical liberals." Republican candidates from coast to coast hammered away on the newly defined "social issue" of crime, drugs, pornography and campus riots. In the closing weeks, Nixon joined Agnew and the others with similar rhetoric. The rest is history: the Republicans won twelve of the thirty-five Senate elections (a disappointing gain of two), and lost nine seats in the House and eleven governorships. So many state legislatures changed hands that the Democrats were assured of dominating the important census redistricting of 1971-72.

What had happened? The conventional wisdom was that hard-line conservatism had been tried and had failed. Or that Nixon and Agnew were too "strident." Or, simply, that the conservative trend of 1966-69 had begun to recede. Or, among defenders of the Administration, that the results were not that unusual when compared to previous off-year elections.

But they were unusual. They were virtually unprecedented, not in the number of seats the Presidential party lost but in the geopolitical pattern of the winning and losing races. In past off-year elections, the "in" party had usually lost more seats than it had gained, but the victories had almost always come in states and districts which the President had carried overwhelmingly two years earlier, and most of the defeats in states and districts that had been lukewarm to the President. In 1970, the Republicans gained four Senate seats that had been previously held by Democrats: in Connecticut, Maryland, Ohio and Tennessee.

In addition, a three-way race in New York replaced an anti-Nixon Republican with a pro-Nixon Republican. In 1968, Nixon had won only two of these five states, and he had exceeded 45 per cent of the vote in none. Meanwhile, Senate races in Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota and Indiana—conservative states that Nixon had carried by huge margins—re-elected seemingly vulnerable liberal Democrats, in most cases by

landslides. This same pattern showed up in House and gubernatorial elections. Despite intense Administration interest and concentration on these races, the Republicans did worst in 1970 precisely where Nixon had done best in 1968.

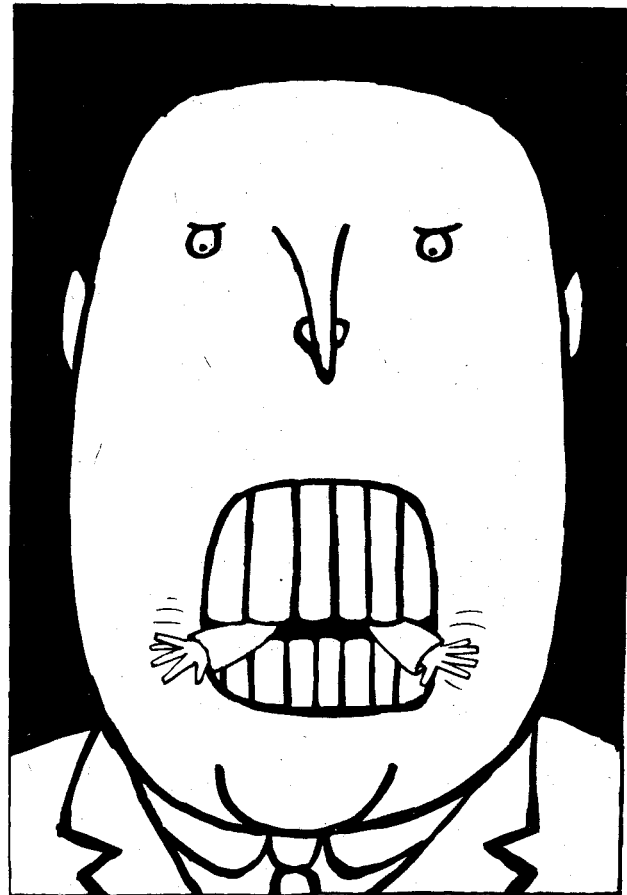
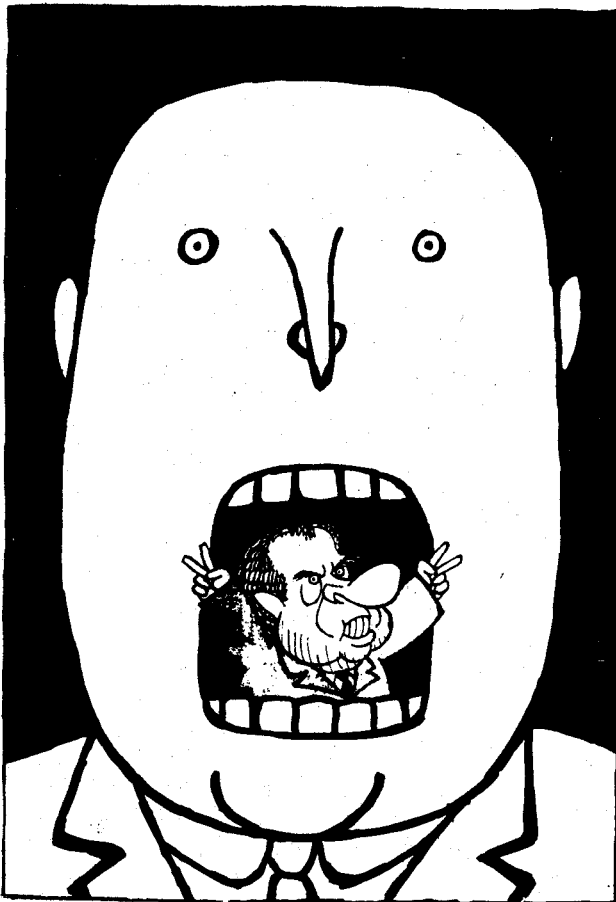
In other words, Nixon's own conservative constituency was in a kind of inchoate revolt, and Nixon's and Agnew's tough rhetoric did little to change that fact. The Vice President, who is in some ways the greatest victim of the Administration, sensed the danger even before the campaign started. "We're not doing a goddamned thing about any of the problems that got us elected," he is reliably reported to have said. "For that matter, we're not doing a goddamned thing about *anything*." Agnew's efforts to apply a conservative patina to basically liberal policies were doomed from the beginning.

And so were the last remnants of a conservative governing strategy. The President's closest advisers, none of whom has had much experience in policy making or even politics, looked at the disappointing results of the 1970 elections and came to one stark conclusion: conservatism is unmarketable. What they failed to see is that almost nothing is marketable if it has no substantive reality.

The boastful, grandiose utopianism of 1971 was the result. First there was the "New American Revolution" of the 1971 State of the Union message with its emphasis on "bold" departures like FAP, revenue sharing, medical care, and the "full employment budget." Soon after, Nixon announced his conversion to Keynesianism, and the federal budget called for more than enough domestic spending to validate his words. As the year progressed, the Nixon shocks came fast and furious, always in the form of sudden leaps to the Left: wage and price controls, announcement of a "breakthrough" in the arms talks and of the visits to Peking and Moscow. Meanwhile, Agnew lay silent and the quiet liberalism of 1969-70 had become very loud indeed.

Most of the nonelected conservative establishment had been more or less content with the conservative rhetoric (plus Supreme Court appointments) of the first two years, but for many the clear leftward departures of 1971 were too much. On July 26, 1971, a contingent of conservative journalists, entrepreneurs and activists met in the Manhattan apartment of William F. Buckley, Jr., and twelve of them signed a statement "suspending support" of the Administration. The group, of which I was a member, met regularly in the latter half of the year, to debate (mainly) whether its differences with the Administration were sufficient to justify a protest campaign in the 1972 Republican primaries. Although there is good evidence that the Administration moved to the Right in a few areas in response to this pressure (notably on defense spending, child-care legislation, welfare work rules and the retention of Agnew), a majority of the Manhattan Twelve concluded that on most issues the gap had not sufficiently narrowed, and that on some (especially China) it had actually widened. In December, envoys from the group persuaded Rep. John Ashbrook, a bright, articulate six-term Ohio conservative, to run against Nixon in New Hampshire, Florida and California.

Through no fault of Ashbrook, who proved nimble



McLachlan (Punch)

"I Speak for the Silent Majority"

in press conferences and engaging on the stump, the campaign disappointed its backers in almost every way. Conservative Congressmen who had urged him to run, and others who commended him once he entered, issued ringing endorsements of Nixon. The same was true of party leaders, especially in Florida, and contributors everywhere. (It's interesting to note that Rep. Paul McCloskey, the liberal California Republican who dropped out after only one primary, attracted by his own account seventeen contributors of \$5,000 or more; the number for Ashbrook was three.) Because of fund shortages, direct mail had to be stopped in midstream in Florida, and several hard-hitting television spots remained in virtual cold storage for the entire campaign. Most crushing of all, revered conservative officeholders such as Ronald Reagan, Barry Goldwater and John Tower campaigned actively for Nixon and portrayed the President's leftward initiatives as sound conservative doctrine. Perhaps the classic statement in this mode was Governor Reagan's admission that he would have opposed the Administration's China concessions had they been accomplished by Democrats, but that he warmly supported Nixon's shifts *because* Nixon is a Republican, and could therefore be trusted.

But Ashbrook's effort also met with strong resistance at the grass roots. The Republican rank and file is not by nature a rebellious lot. Moreover, because of the supine acquiescence of leaders like Reagan, Goldwater, Tower and Strom Thurmond during the first three years of the Administration, conservative voters had received little

preparation for the idea of rebellion. To listen to these men, conservative voters would think Nixon had governed about as far to the Right as any President can—and many voters came to exactly that conclusion. At least for the time being, it was clear that Nixon had taken the party's conservative voters with him on his Long March to the Left.

How did the American Right, the 1966-69 wave of the future in national politics, get into this ideological ghetto? The easy answer, of course, is that Richard Nixon, having been elected as a moderate conservative in a distinctly Right-of-Center national climate, decided to pursue a Left-of-Center course once in office. The reasons for this are many, both obvious and obscure, and at least two major books on Nixon and his government have dealt extensively with the subject. This is not the place to add to the growing literature.

But an important subissue is this: why did conservative intellectuals, as opposed to politicians, give Nixon a free ride for so long? After all, political currents in this country affect intellectuals before they do politicians. In 1965-67, elite liberal ideologues had morally broken with Lyndon Johnson's war policy long before Eugene McCarthy or any politician did, and it was a former college professor who persuaded McCarthy to run. Though conservative intellectuals are far fewer in number, the same has been true on our side of the fence. *National Review* had been in business for some time before up-and-coming politicians began describing themselves with the formerly

verboten word "conservative" in the late 1950s, and it was a *National Review* intellectual, L. Brent Bozell, who drafted the greater part of Barry Goldwater's early 1960s "movement" bible, *Conscience of a Conservative*. It's conceivable that if conservative opinion leaders had kept up a drumfire of criticism against the liberal initiatives of Nixon's first thirty months, as liberals always did against the intermittent conservative heresies of Johnson and even Kennedy, the way would have been at least partially clear for Ashbrook's protest campaign. It's even possible that by the effect of such attacks on elected conservatives like Reagan and Goldwater, the Administration, by a substantive response, would have rendered Ashbrook's race unnecessary in his eyes and those of his backers.

The main reason usually cited in conservative circles for their intellectuals' default is the Right's love-hate relationship with Nixon, dating back to the Alger Hiss case in 1948. There was (and still is, among some conservatives) a tendency to feel in Nixon's first two years that whatever games the President played in domestic affairs, his goals in foreign policy must be strategically anti-Communist.

There is some truth in that explanation, but it is far from the whole story. A more important reason, I think, was the intellectual insecurity that blighted the critical faculties of even the brightest conservatives. Until 1969, conservative intellectuals and journalists spent their careers in a scathing critique of what they saw as a vast and monolithic liberal establishment, one that not only exerted the greatest force in government but seemed to hold all the high ground in the academy, foundations and media as well. Conservatives abhorred the liberal establishment fully as much as the New Left does, but by exaggerating its power to the point of impregnability, they also underrated their ability to influence Nixon, and came to question the applicability of their own ideas and proposed reforms in what they called "the real world." For many, the "realistic" stance was exactly what it had been before the conservative political trend of 1966-69: to retard, if only slightly, the American Government's growth and movement into previously private spheres.

Then, in the late 1960s, a new element arose which tended to reinforce this conservative tendency toward modest aims: under the gun of a growing anti-liberal assault by the New Left, worried liberals such as Richard Goodwin and Daniel P. Moynihan began to show new respect for conservative ideas such as decentralization and reprivatization, and to indicate a nearly unprecedented interest in "working with" conservative ideologues whom they had previously regarded as pariahs.

In his new book, *Catch the Falling Flag: A Republican's Challenge to His Party*, Richard J. Whalen recounts Moynihan's 1967 speech before the national board of Americans for Democratic Action, in which he excoriated his fellow liberals for their failure to combat the New Left, and issued a celebrated call for "much more effective alliances" between liberals and conservatives.

On those occasions when a prominent liberal publicly agreed with them and admitted their ideas to respectability, conservative intellectuals displayed an almost pathetic gratitude. In this instance, William F. Buckley heralded Moynihan's speech as "a Magna Carta for American

liberals," whom he hoped would now see the light. Suppose many of them did—what then? . . . To say that liberalism collapsed beneath the assault of leftist extremism was an understatement: its nerve failed and it came apart. Prominent liberals who had recently been lords in Kennedy's Camelot now begged leave to join the revolt against Johnson's imperialism. Many like Moynihan bravely resisted, but they formed at best a rear guard. Under cover of opposing an unpopular war and President, liberal opinion-leaders sought to abandon their mistakes, shed responsibility, and move fashionably leftward, until the "vital center" they once protected lay on their right, open to attack. . . . Moynihan's call for alliance, then, was not the simple proposition it seemed. Conservatives were asked to cease opposing liberalism and reinforce the loyalist rear guard.

That many Right-of-Center intellectuals accepted Moynihan's proposition is to my mind an overriding reason why the conservative opportunity of the late 1960s was so thoroughly bungled. The illusion of liberal-conservative "alliance" helped disarm precisely those conservatives who should have been most rigorous in evaluating the early Nixon policies, particularly those shaped by Moynihan himself and by a similar figure, Henry Kissinger.

It should be noted that the conservatives were not entirely to blame. In the year or two before becoming Nixon's urban affairs adviser, Moynihan (1) opposed the concept of a guaranteed annual income; (2) spoke frequently about the obsolescence of the federal government, and the need to decentralize; and (3) wrote a book, *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, which indicted Lyndon Johnson's Great Society on a program-by-program basis. Once in office, Moynihan (1) became the architect of the first powerfully backed guaranteed-income program in American political history, a program which among other things would (2) centralize all welfare administration in the federal government; and (3) helped to ram through extension and increased funding of the Great Society programs, accompanied by few if any of the significant changes he had advocated in his book.

In fact, only one element remained of Moynihan's *apertura a la destra*: Tory rhetoric, and the assiduous courting of conservative "alliance." In articles and interviews, he more than once referred to FAP as a "conservative" program; his word for extension of the Great Society, which Whalen correctly describes as an act of "helpless default" on the part of the Administration, was "continuity." In his book *Cruising Speed*, Buckley recounts Moynihan's journey to the Manhattan offices of *National Review*, in advance of the President's 1969 unveiling of FAP, to present his masterwork as "a plan he assured us would simultaneously effect humanitarian visions, and satisfy conservative dissatisfactions." Buckley does not say how effective Moynihan's presentation was, but *National Review* did not editorially condemn the program until nearly a year later. (*Human Events*, the other major conservative organ, did mount a sustained and effective attack on FAP.)

As for Kissinger, it's one of the more interesting untold stories of the Nixon transition that, probably more than any other man, Buckley was responsible for Kissinger's appointment. As in the case of Moynihan, Kissinger's previous writings (his emphasis, for example, on the importance of close consultation with allies) meant little

once he was shaping policy. Like Nixon, he seemed most interested in "dishing the Whigs" by means of bold, sudden strokes that disarmed friends and allies but charmed long-time Nixon foes in the press and academy.

Buckley is of course the most eloquent and influential of nonelected conservatives, but I do not mention him (and neither does Whalen) because his attitudes were unusual. I can attest that they were surprisingly representative. As a minor member of Nixon's staff, I was delighted with both the Moynihan and Kissinger appointments when they were announced. I saw both men as intellectual analogues to Vice President Agnew: men of moderately liberal background who were moving Right in response to their times, and could easily fit into what I hoped would be a moderately conservative Administration. In fact, some conservative intellectuals who are Nixon loyalists still see them more or less in that light, despite the objective evidence of the policies they are known to have promoted.

To repeat Whalen's description, "conservatives were asked to cease opposing liberalism," and to a surprising extent we did—at least until it was far too late to influence the main lines of Nixon's first-term policy. The embattled "rear guard" of disintegrating American liberalism had succeeded in annexing a Right-of-Center Republican Administration, and by this act of possession surprisingly extended its own life at least four years beyond its apparent death throes at the 1968 Democratic convention. In retrospect, it was a stunning political achievement—but it could never have happened had it not been for the intellectual insecurity of conservatives, perhaps including Richard Nixon.

As a result of all this, the conservative upsurge of 1966-69 has sputtered and died. Instead, the main challenge to the Roosevelt-Johnson-Nixon line of moderately liberal welfarism is coming from a quasi-radical, quasi-Populist current embodied by George McGovern. Some of the same voters who hated the status quo in 1968 and saw hope for a genuine departure in Nixon or Wallace have already voted and/or will vote for McGovern and Wallace this year. Possibly not enough to elect McGovern, but the thrust of change has shifted from one end of the ideological spectrum to the other in four short years, and it's hard to tell when conservatism will get another chance to contest a national election—or its first chance to govern modern America.

But though conservatives are isolated and d'spirited, they look with growing interest at the government of British Prime Minister Edward Heath. Britain is a country that has gone well to the Left of America in recent decades, and liberals used never to tire of pointing out that England's Conservative Party was well to the Left of our Democrats. Yet Heath, on taking office two years ago, moved immediately to roll back government and union power instead of trying merely to retard their growth. Conditions for a similar shift existed in America in 1968, but neither the conservatives nor the leader they chose were equipped for the challenge. At least for the moment, the forces for serious social change are all on the Left. But when and if the pendulum swings back, it's just possible that the frustrations of the last four years will have taught American conservatives a little less "realism" and a good bit more confidence in the relevance and political applicability of their own ideas to America's problems. □

AUTO RECALLS

Making Good, After Their Fashion

ROBERT W. IRVIN

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Detroit

During World War II the mailmen used to deliver thousands of letters a day that began, "Greetings." In 1972 the "Greetings" which go into homes by the thousands daily are less likely to come from draft boards than from auto companies. The manufacturers are recalling millions of cars a year and notices are flooding the mails.

Yet all is not well with the system whereby the auto firms get owners to bring their cars in for free repair of defects. The manufacturers are reluctant to recall some of the cars that are allegedly defective, and federal safety officials have been called timid in investigating defects and powerless to discipline a balky firm.

Back at the time of World War I, a wooden wheel flew

off a Buick touring car and injured a bystander. Buick denied liability because the car was bought from a dealer, but the firm lost the case and the suit upset earlier findings that a person could not sue a manufacturer for product damages if a middleman stood between them. Once their legal responsibility had been established, the auto firms began recalling cars. General Motors likes to remind us that it conducted its first recall campaign back in 1916.

But while the auto companies can prove they have been recalling cars for many years, it was a practice that until recently seldom got into the news. The campaigns were often handled informally and haphazardly; sometimes the deficiency was made good when a car was brought in for service, and the owner was never the wiser. Thus no one knew the scope of such campaigns until 1966, when Sen. Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.) pressured the auto companies into revealing that they had recalled 8.7 million cars between 1959 and 1965. More accurately, that was the number they wanted to recall. In many cases the manufacturers didn't know how many actually had been re-

paired because dealers handled the work. That delegation of responsibility, plus GM's ill-advised investigation of Ralph Nader, led to passage of the safety act in 1966.

But the auto companies fight hard, and they managed to keep out of the law a stipulation that the government could force them to recall cars. The present law requires only that the companies notify customers of a defect; they are not obliged to fix it. Federal safety officials, employed by the Department of Transportation, are still trying to get the tougher authority but the Commerce Department opposes them. Outside observers feel the authority is needed because not infrequently the firms balk at attempts by safety officials to persuade them to call in certain cars.

The auto companies tried to keep recalls secret even after the safety law was passed, on the not illogical ground that the publicity might hurt sales. But the newly appointed federal safety officials pledged to keep the books open on any recalls they were told about, and the companies reluctantly agreed thereafter to announce all such campaigns.

Last year domestic manufacturers were recalling cars faster than they were building them (8.7 million cars recalled; 8.5 million built). However, the combined recall of imported and domestic cars was 9.4 million and that was lower than the registrations of 9.7 million new cars in 1971. Since the safety act was signed into law in September 1966, 23.7 million American cars have been recalled, and 45.9 million have been produced. Or, to put it another way, for every two cars built in the past six years, one has been recalled.

But rather than give the Detroit auto makers an award for responsibility, some critics think the manufacturers should get rapped for balking. Two recent examples are the 6.7 million Chevrolets recalled to install restraint cables on the engine mounts, and the 436,000 Fords and Mercurys called in to replace the rear-axle shafts.

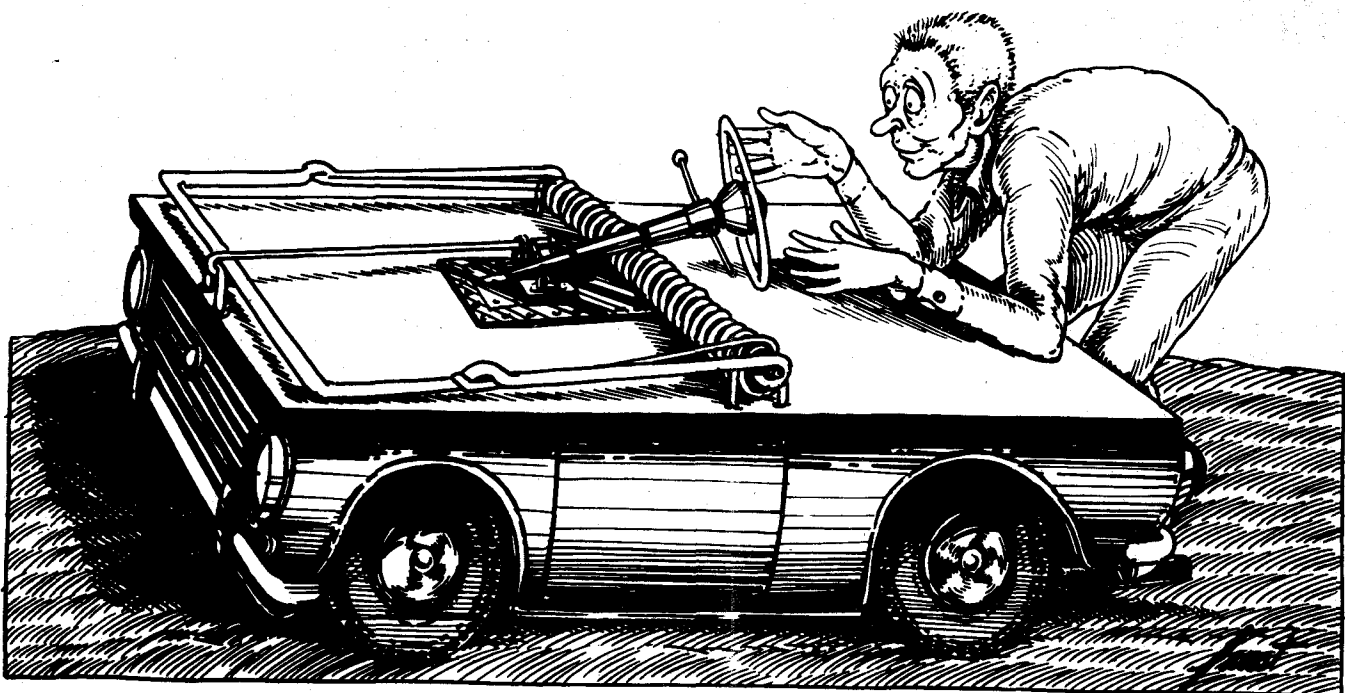
The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration

(NHTSA) knew more than two years ago that some Chevrolets were developing engine mount problems, but did nothing about it, beyond writing one letter of inquiry to the company. In reply, a year before the recall, GM told the NHTSA that at that time "Chevrolet files show 172 cases of engine mount separation jamming throttle linkage, 63 accidents and 18 injuries." Incredibly, the NHTSA and GM did nothing for months. By contrast, two years earlier GM had recalled nearly 5 million cars upon receiving less than half that number of complaints about other defects—2.5 million cars had a defective carburetor part and 2.4 million needed insulation from carbon monoxide.

Ralph Nader got the engine mount case out of mothballs. After what he calls "the most massive publicity ever given a defect," the NHTSA issued a public warning to Chevrolet owners about engine mounts which could fail and send the cars speeding out of control, and GM was at last forced to recall the cars.

When Nader brought the case up in September 1971, the NHTSA claimed it didn't have enough information, never letting on that it already knew of scores of accidents. For its part, GM denied the engine mount was a defect or a safety hazard. It was "no problem at all," something any normal driver could handle, GM's top brass claimed. Employees at the firm's Tech Center in Warren, Mich., have said that as early as 1967 attempts were being made to change mounts to a fail-safe design, the older style of mounts having proved ineffective to hold the engines then being developed. But not until 1970 were the new mounts put on cars in production. In the meantime, GM continued to test the old mounts, but made no move to recall the cars until there was a public outcry following disclosures of what happens when engine mounts fail.

A similar case of prodding a company into action occurred last month when Ford recalled more than 4 million cars to replace a faulty part of the shoulder belt. On June 8, aides of Nader wrote safety officials urging the recall, and three weeks later Ford announced the action



after some communication with the safety people in Washington. A Ford spokesman admitted that the company had known of the problem in late 1970, but maintained there had been no pattern of failures in the ensuing period. He did acknowledge that more than a year ago the company changed the design of the plastic part for use in new cars. In terms of the number of cars involved, the Ford recall in June is topped only by the engine mount recall. However, the cost will be far less, since the plastic parts cost only about 10¢ each.

Recalls are lengthy affairs. In the first three months of the engine mount recall, Chevy dealers installed restraining cables on the engine mounts of more than a million cars, about 15 per cent of the 6.7 million being recalled. Of the 2.5 million GM cars recalled two years earlier to replace a carburetor part, about 20 per cent or 500,000 have still not been brought in for the work. And of the 2.4 million Chevrolets recalled at the same time to seal the underbody from exhaust fumes, 32 per cent or 768,000 are still not fixed. Nader says GM has adopted a "passive" position on the engine mount recall. He says he continues to receive twenty-five to thirty complaints a week from owners who have trouble getting the restraints installed.

At the present rate of correction it will be well into 1973 before the recall is completed. It is becoming obvious that the traditional methods of handling recalls through dealers are simply not adequate for this case. GM must institute procedures for repairing customer's defective vehicles both quickly and with a minimum of inconvenience for the owner. If this cannot be done in the dealer workshop, special, temporary repair facilities should be set up.

Nader said that "even if as many as 70 per cent of these Chevrolets have their defects remedied (a highly optimistic figure), there will still remain 2 million of these potential menaces to traffic safety on our roads. This is more vehicles than were involved totally in all but two other defect recalls in the entire history of the automobile."

Nader also complains that another GM recall, involving Chevy Vegas which can catch fire, is being handled too slowly. In a recent letter to NHTSA Administrator Douglas Toms, he wrote: "The larger issue illustrated by these two recalls is the need for broad authority for the NHTSA to be able to require and set procedures for safety defect recall campaigns. Your support for recall authority is well known, as is the strong opposition from the Department of Commerce." Nader also told Toms, "You now have the authority to set standards for state vehicle inspections and standards for vehicles in use. If such standards included the requirement that all known safety defects be corrected within a reasonable time of their discovery, and were applicable to all states, the rate of corrections should approach 100 per cent within months of the beginning of a campaign. Your administration's continued negligence in this important area of traffic safety is becoming a national scandal."

The recent Ford axle recall also showed that public pressure can move the auto makers, and the case provides further ammunition for critics who charge that federal safety officials drag their feet. As in the engine mount case, the NHTSA had known for some time of complaints about axle shafts coming off Ford cars, but a spokesman

for the agency said that nothing was done because the couple of instances in the files did not warrant an investigation.

A few weeks later, after some newsmen had inquired, Ford announced the recall; but Ford did not agree to replace the axles and bearings on the cars, only to install retaining plates. The company said that if the bearings failed, the retainer plates would make a warning sound to alert the driver to the problem. Ford said the plates would also keep the axle from falling off for at least 100 miles.

While Ford's first move seemed to some critics more like a treatment than a cure, it won initial approval of the NHTSA, which said it complied with safety law provisions. But the recall was unacceptable to many owners, especially since heavier axles and bearings were being installed on cars coming off the assembly lines. Ford caved in a week later and agreed to install the same equipment on the recalled cars. The repairs proposed originally would have cost the firm \$5 million; the added axle replacements boosts it to about \$30 million. GM similarly resisted replacing engine mounts on the 1965-69 cars it recalled, even though 1970 and later cars had fail-safe mounts. Expense was again a major factor. Replacing engine mounts on 7 million cars could have cost more than \$100 million. The restraining cable system is much cheaper, with the costs of the recall now estimated at \$35 million to \$50 million.

There is other evidence that NHTSA has been slow to act in situations involving car safety. One case is related by Consumers Union, which says that last December it "discovered some potentially critical safety deficiencies in the two 1972 American Motors Corp. cars bought for testing." CU notified AMC and the NHTSA. AMC began an inquiry, but CU got no answer from the government. It adds that "this is not the first time that well-documented information of this type from CU has failed to draw response from the NHTSA."

The NHTSA was also criticized by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (IIHS), headed by Dr. William Haddon, Jr., who was the first director of the NHTSA under the Johnson administration and left when the new Administration came to office. The IIHS says that the NHTSA warned its own employees of a windshield wiper problem on the Volkswagen but never bothered to inform the public. Nader then stepped in to prod Toms and the NHTSA. A few days later, the NHTSA issued a warning to VW owners, similar to the one it had printed in its employee newsletter. It advised VW owners to check set screws frequently to see that the wiper mechanism is properly tightened.

While the NHTSA's approach to auto recalls leaves much to be desired, it is still greatly improved over a year ago. Until last fall, the NHTSA kept a lid of secrecy on all its investigations, despite the claim by its officials that they relied on complaints from consumers for leads on defects. The NHTSA did not publicize the initial inquiry into the engine mount problems on Chevys, so it got only a trickle of complaints. It wasn't until the press publicized the problem that the complaints became a flood. The NHTSA now issues a monthly list of the cases under investigation, dividing them into two categories—Priority I and II. The latest list carries twenty-five cases in the top

priority category, many of them upgraded from the previous month when they were Priority II. The latest list also has thirty-five cases of second priority. The top priority list includes the VW wiper arm problem and possible engine mount problems on GM cars other than Chevrolets.

In the aftermath of the engine mount case, the NHTSA beefed up the office which investigates defects, placing a man with thirty years' experience as an FBI agent in charge of the investigating staff. More manpower is needed. The staff now numbers fewer than forty and, as Toms has noted, an auto company employs more people to do public relations than he has in his whole agency.

A change in attitude is also needed. One of Nader's aides, Clarence Ditlow, has charted the work of the staff investigating defects over the past five years, and says the work "has slowed to a snail's pace."

The first nineteen months of defect investigations, through May 1969, resulted in 111 investigations, with an average time of 3.2 months. The second nineteen months through December 1970, resulted in seventy-two completed investigations with the almost double time of 5.8 months.

Since then delays have increased. The latest list contains one investigation initiated in 1968, seven in 1969 and ten in 1970. Even if all these investigations were completed today, their average time would be an incredible 27.9 months.

At this investigatory rate, the potential defects may well eliminate many of these motor vehicles from the road before the office completes its investigation thereon.

Four things are needed, in Ditlow's view, to upgrade the investigating staff. The first is additional personnel, the second more money. The office should also have its own legal staff and engineers to check on recall procedures.

The need for engineers is obvious in light of the indus-

try's apparent attitude toward recalls. The companies appear willing enough to recall cars when the defect involves a few thousand units. However, it seems clear that the largest recall campaigns in recent years have been the result of engineering mistakes, not errors on the assembly line. The point is important, in view of the complaints sometimes lodged about poor workmanship in the factories. Mistakes in production have caused recalls, but usually of only a few thousand cars. The recalls involving hundreds or millions of cars are the result of design defects.

These episodes raise doubts about auto company testing procedures. The auto makers have huge proving grounds, where cars are tested before they go into production. Thousands of miles are logged on test cars, yet some serious defects go unnoticed. In the recent recalls, the customers did the test driving that uncovered the problems.

Haddon, the NHTSA's first chief, called the engine mount case "a nationwide environmental problem created by poor design." He said the whole affair, the like of which he never encountered while in office, points up the need for not only a change in the safety law but also for new administrative rules. The NHTSA should start checking warranty claims to spot defect trends and should also keep tabs on replacement parts.

An anonymous flier, believed to have originated with a Chevrolet competitor, has been making the rounds. It was headlined "CHEVROLET TOPS IN PERFORMANCE." The new Chevrolets "are no dogs," the flier said, and added, "Just listen to some of these quotes from some of our Detroit area Chevrolet owners."

One Redford, Mich., housewife said her Impala "accelerated and took off like a jet." A Detroit man said, "My 1969 Impala shot forward suddenly, like a thunderbolt."

"So if it's performance you want," the flier said, "listen to the people who own Chevys. They really know." They do indeed, if they live to tell. □

INDONESIA

THE PRICE OF 'DEVELOPMENT'

DAVID VAN PRAAGH

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Jakarta

Poor Indonesians are hard to come by in the busier streets of Sukarno's old capital. They have not ceased to exist under the New Order of General Suharto; the authorities have simply brushed them aside—*betjas* or pedicabs, food stalls, squatters' huts and all—to make way for a cleaner, brassier Jakarta that caters to foreign and Indonesian businessmen on the make.

In central Java, where Suharto's old Diponegoro Division watches over the lushest rice fields in Asia, stooped women come to market to sell chickens. Many peasant families are too impoverished to keep for themselves this

natural source of protein that might ward off disease and produce human energy to break a cycle of despair. Indonesians appear out of the jungle of northern Sumatra as if by magic whenever there is an oil-pipe leak. They scoop up the low-sulphur crude for oil lamps and stoves. Kerosene sold by Pertamina, the wealthy state petroleum monopoly and source of many stories of Indonesian corruption, is expensive and its price may soon go up again.

These are unheralded aspects of "economic development"—the New Order's theme—in by far the largest, most populous country of Southeast Asia. Inevitably, progress is slow in a tropical land where reliance on a kind of methodical mysticism extends to the top ranks of government. Promising his more than 120 million people a just and prosperous society in twenty-five or thirty years, President Suharto recently declared: "The changes must happen not through radical ways or revolutions but they must grow naturally."

The generals ruling Indonesia have a phobia about revolution. It grows out of the messy but bloodcurdling coup attempted on September 30, 1965 by the Communist Party of Indonesia (PKI) with China's alleged support, and known by the acronym GESTAPU. That was probably the most important turning point in Southeast Asia's post-war history; the war in Vietnam might have ended years ago if the Communists had won here. Instead the PKI and hundreds of thousands of its real and suspected followers were destroyed in retaliation for the murder of six generals. Led by the stolid Suharto, the military "men in green" forced the bombastic President Sukarno out of power and into confinement, to die a sick, scorned man. They proclaimed their "dual function" of civil and security responsibility for an archipelago stretching 3,000 miles across the South Seas.

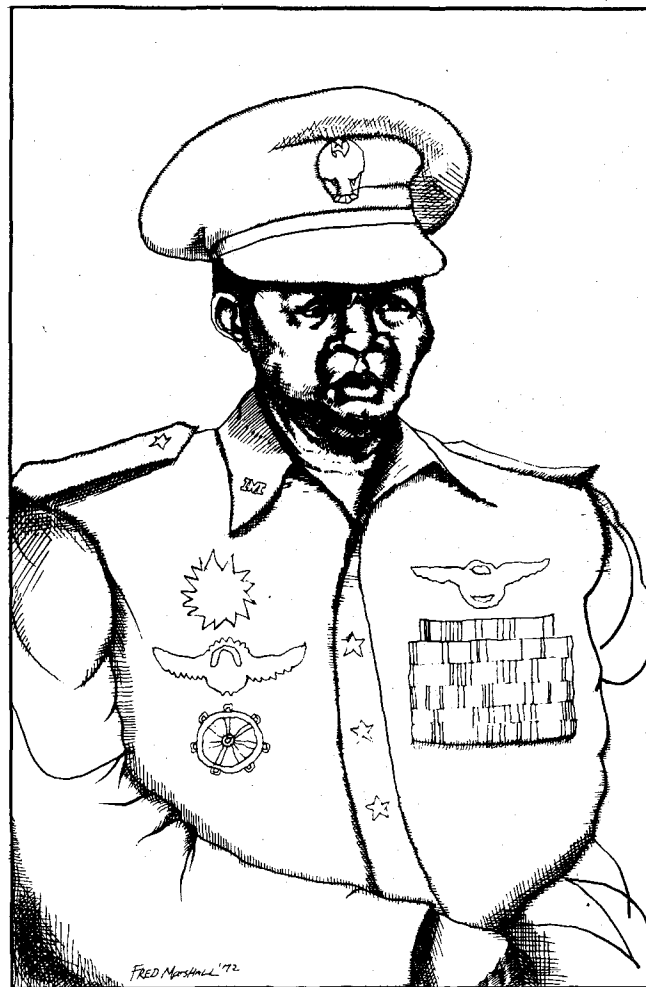
This meant no more "Jakarta-Peking axis," but rather a suspension of relations with China. It meant no more disastrous doctrinaire socialism but rather the hiring of U.S.-trained economists—the "Berkeley Mafia"—to halt wild inflation, draft plans to attract massive Western aid and open the door to international capital investment in Indonesia's rich natural resources.

But the Indonesian experiment, economically important to the United States in the long run as Indochina is politically important now, is taking a disturbing turn at a pregnant time in Asia and the Pacific. While Western, Japanese and Overseas Chinese exploitation of oil, metals and timber starts to hit its stride, an economic gap between the military-technocratic elite and the mass of Indonesians is growing wider.

As the ruling generals systematically shut off outlets of criticism or opposition at home, they have come up with a new, seemingly innocuous catch phrase for both the New Order's foreign policy and the foreign policy that the New Order would like neighboring nations to follow. It is *ketahanan nasional*—national resilience—and is supposed to mean regional economic vibrancy without big-power interference. But it looks increasingly like the basis for an informal, U.S.-supported military alliance throughout the second tier of Southeast Asia and beyond to Australia.

The implications are unsettling, to say the least. Involved immediately is a deliberate effort to break the Sino-U.S. détente, as it might apply to this vast region, before it has a chance to take hold. The makings of a new Vietnamese War are also becoming visible. The military rulers are remote and often corrupt; the ruled are poor and repressed; the United States is providing selective assistance to the former to prevent a resurgence of the Indonesian revolutionary spirit among the latter. American businessmen in Jakarta are something like an older generation of GIs, only not so innocent.

Intensified U.S. bombing and naval shelling in Vietnam provided the backdrop as the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN)—Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore and Thailand—quietly adopted *ketahanan nasional* at a meeting in Singapore in April. Until President Nixon ordered extra warplanes and ships from America to hit back at the advancing North Vietnamese, ASEAN members were deeply worried that he meant what he said about a détente with China. The



military juntas in Bangkok and Jakarta had warned of increased insurgency backed by a respectable Peking. The Thai Government is directly involved in the Indochina war as a U.S. ally and is up against growing internal insurgency. But informed quarters in Jakarta find no evidence to support charges of stepped-up guerrilla warfare or a new Communist threat to Indonesia. They do find plenty of evidence of a desire by the top Indonesian generals to keep China, Russia and, for different reasons, Japan out of the region, politically and militarily.

These officers are tough, aggressive men with a sense of Indonesia's potential and little regard for the niceties of democracy or diplomacy. They lean as heavily toward the West as Sukarno tilted the other way, while displaying much the same qualities. But they have learned, or have been advised, to play down military aid and encouragement from the United States by conveniently sticking to traditional Indonesian nonalignment.

Suharto's reputation as the "peasant general" and a believer in Javanese mysticism enhances his position as a leader concerned for his people's welfare yet remote from them. The image cracked early this year when he emotionally threatened to call out the armed forces against a handful of students who were protesting the extravagance of his wife's proposed \$26 million Disneyland-like mini-Indonesia project for tourists. "For once, Suharto turned out to be a completely human being, which he cannot

afford to be as a President," said one old Indonesia hand.

But the President recovered in February to go to Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines and begin knitting neighborly defense ties. The Australians started what they see as a new chapter in military cooperation by promising to provide a squadron of F-86 Sabre jets, complete with backup facilities and pilot training, and by having their ambassador and their military intelligence chief in Jakarta switch places. There will be joint Indonesian, Australian and Philippine naval patrols and military exercises.

Gen. Maraden Panggabean, a burly Sumatran who serves as Suharto's defense adviser, has taken over direction of foreign policy from Foreign Minister Adam Malik. He does not talk openly this year as he did last year of Indonesia assuming the defense of other ASEAN countries, but it becomes increasingly clear that that is the intention. National resilience seems to mean that Indonesia wants, in exchange for such protection, to profit from the higher economic standards and relatively sophisticated know-how of nations like Malaysia and Singapore.

Caught between the racially Malay governments in Jakarta and Kuala Lumpur, commercial Singapore with its predominantly ethnic Chinese population is paying lip service to *ketahanan nasional* and to Indonesia's opposition to maintaining the Straits of Malacca as an international waterway. Panggabean has made headway with Malaysia's rulers, who out of fear of both China and a large Chinese minority appear almost anxious to make Malaysia a satellite of Indonesia. They went along with Jakarta by claiming half of the strategic Straits between the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra. Prime Minister Abdul Razak signed with Panggabean a military agreement providing, among other things, for cooperation against guerrillas in Borneo, including Malaysia's Sarawak. Other parts of the agreement are unspecified even as to subject, but it is known that an increasing number of Malaysian officers and troops are being trained in Indonesia and that the two countries have conducted their first joint naval exercise. Malaysia is paying less and less heed to the loose five-power agreement that brings Britain, Australia and New Zealand into contingent defense of Singapore and Malaysia, and even to its own proposal for neutralization of Southeast Asia. Razak was bullied by the Indonesian generals into dropping big-power guarantees from the idea before it was vaguely endorsed by ASEAN members last November.

On the ground in Indonesia, the key man may be General Sumitro, not to be confused with the legendary economist and trade minister of the same name. A favorite of the U.S. Embassy, the general heads KOPKAMTIB, the feared Command for Restoration of Security and Order. KOPKAMTIB prevailed over more moderate counsel by Suharto and Gen. Ali Murtopo, the President's political adviser, and seized on the mini-Indonesia protest to banish a weakened student movement that had once been strong enough to help bring the generals to power.

It was clear at the time of elections to national and regional assemblies last July that a relentless campaign of political attrition was starting. Murtopo stage-managed Indonesia's first popular vote in sixteen years in a way to undercut long-established political parties. A technically nonpolitical organization of "functional" groups called

Sekber Golkar, backed by the military who ran the elections, won easily, filling an overwhelming majority of seats in a weak House of Representatives with appointed armed forces representatives. Sukarno's old Nationalist Party (PNI) was shattered. The orthodox Moslem party, Nahdlatul Ulama (NU), stubbornly held on. Even when after the elections Suharto ordered all opposition parties to reorganize themselves into a single nationalist group and a single Moslem group, many Indonesians hoped that the grip of the generals would be loosened as their legitimacy grew. Golkar, many dared to venture, would become a badly needed new civilian political force.

But Golkar has remained a rubber stamp, doing little more than endorse Suharto for re-election in 1973 to a new five-year term. The generals are increasingly impatient with the slightest breath of criticism or unauthorized utterance. They continue to arrest persons for alleged new Communist plots and to retain political prisoners from GESTAPU (though the number is down to an estimated 29,000, about one-fifth of the highest total). They have started a move to secularize thousands of local Moslem schools, thus cutting off the grass roots of the NU. A favorite KOPKAMTIB tactic is to label any protesting student or journalist New Left (although there is little comprehension in Indonesia of what that means) and then put him out of action by arrest, confinement to campus or interrogation. A few editors and student leaders still meet top generals fairly regularly, but a member of this select group admitted that discussions came down to accepting military conclusions, or else.

A general who operates in his own sphere is Ibnu Sutowo, president-director of Pertamina, the oil monopoly. There was a time when Sutowo made a point of saving Indonesia's oil for its "people" from both local Communists and foreign interests. But the Communists are dead or outlawed and Pertamina controls the activities of the American, European and Japanese companies that have been allocated pieces of Indonesian land or water for exploration.

It is a general assumption in Indonesia that Pertamina finances the armed forces out of the more than \$700 million a year it receives in revenues from favorable production-sharing agreements with forty foreign oil companies and its own international and domestic operations. It is also generally believed that significant funds are siphoned off to top Pertamina officials. Sutowo, who was assigned to head the new state oil enterprise in 1957 as a colonel, threw a party for his daughter's wedding early this year that outdid in lavishness a similar affair by Suharto. Oil companies presented gifts of sports cars, speedboats and huge refrigerators.

Oil (production has passed the 1 million-barrel-a-day mark and is slowly but steadily growing) is the biggest and most dramatic example of the new Indonesian economy. Fiscal and political stability is attracting foreign investment that was repelled or driven out by Sukarno's Old Order. Since 1967, commitments worth about \$1.5 billion on paper have been made for the extraction of other minerals. Freeport Sulphur has started mining copper in West Irian and International Nickel is into major nickel deposits in Sulawesi (Celebes). Oil prospecting has spread from Sumatra, where Caltex and Stanvac remain the two

largest private producers, to offshore and on Java, Borneo, Sulawesi, West Irian and smaller islands. Meanwhile, an international consortium led by the World Bank, which has shifted its attention in Asia from India to Indonesia, is maintaining an economic aid level of about \$650 million annually, despite dents in other foreign aid programs. The United States, Japan and the Netherlands are major contributors. Huge loans incurred by Sukarno have been rescheduled or written off by the Soviet bloc as well as Western countries.

But there is little indication that this economic activity is trickling down to the masses. Average per capita income is stuck at \$100 a year or less. Rice is cheap but its availability to all, an old Indonesian myth, is not assured, despite a start on use of new varieties developed in the Philippines. Rubber and palm oil estates are better managed, but destruction of precious forests, especially by Japanese and Overseas Chinese timber merchants, is a scandal. In admitting that it will take a decade or more for the peasant or clerk—the little Indonesian glorified by Sukarno—to benefit from economic advances, officials realize that part of the trouble lies in the present administration's reluctance to sacrifice fiscal stability for fast development.

Indonesian economic planning may be even more out of touch with the countryside than Indian. That is one reason why Sujatmoko, the brilliant former ambassador to the United States, was brought back to act as kind of a roving reporter for BAPPENAS, the planning agency. But even realistic planning is not likely to take account of blatant profiteering from the economy by some military officers, and their eagerness to continue relying on fast foreign funds. Few can blame foreign outfits, responsible and irresponsible, for accepting the invitation. The danger is that, like Sumatra and other islands where the game is to make a quick buck and get out, all Indonesia will become a rip-off country—and the most important single test for Western economic and political capital in Southeast Asia and perhaps the whole underdeveloped world will have failed.

Part of the official U.S. position in Indonesia is to hope that American companies will demonstrate a social consciousness. The rest of the position can be summed up as frowning at political repression but attributing it to both the military and Javanese mentality; approving but not actively stimulating regional military ties, and acknowledging the popular resentment of growing wealth and corruption at the top but making sure the armed forces can deal with any new Communist uprising.

The last is clearly the main purpose of U.S. military assistance. The importance to Indonesia of this aid, however modest compared with the U.S. military effort in Indochina, can be gauged by the official embarrassment felt in Jakarta when the United States, particularly the U.S. Navy, held to the premise that the Straits of Malacca should remain a free international waterway. The New Order could not bring itself to admit that its principal benefactor would object to its muscle-flexing demand for joint control of the Straits. Ironically, the Indonesian stand attracted Chinese endorsement because the Soviet Union and Japan also object to it for naval and commercial reasons.

U.S. aid is directed at maintaining, training and equipping selected army, navy and air force units that comprise 5 to 10 per cent of forces totaling 450,000 men. These units include a mobile light infantry strategic force, of brigade size or larger, that could be deployed outside Indonesia. Hardware ranges from refurbished P-51 Mustang fighters (soon to be augmented by T-33 jet trainers) to new minesweepers for use as patrol boats, and includes the usual modern weapons up to 105mm. howitzers.

Emphasis is on counterinsurgent capability. Between fifty and ninety U.S. military personnel, depending on how many are on temporary duty, administer the program as specialist members of a low-profile outfit called the Defense Liaison Group. The annual cost has risen more than sixfold since 1969 to \$25 million; it will be cut back some this year but President Nixon's personal interest is relied on to minimize the effect on Indonesia of a general cut by Congress in military aid funds.

U.S. officials like to talk of Indonesia as "vintage Nixon Doctrine." American businessmen paying high prices for the privilege of operating in Indonesia are unlikely to think in such esoteric terms. Indonesian generals profiting from both, often personally, are reaching out to neighboring countries through national resilience, now that they think they have tidied up their own house.

Despite a submissive streak, the people of Indonesia are no more likely to go on indefinitely accepting their present lot under the New Order than is *betja* apt to disappear from Jakarta. Even now, plodding *betja* drivers sneak out with their peculiarly self-contained vehicles a little earlier each night into streets from which they are officially barred except from 10 at night to 6 in the morning.

Just as it did for the Dutch colonialists and for Sukarno, the countdown in Indonesia has begun for the generals. They still have time to live up to their promises of change; if they fail to do so, they may bring about a revolution that could make both GESTAPU and the war in Vietnam seem minor instances of violence. □

LETTERS (Continued from page 34)

public library resources, I am deeply concerned about this state of affairs. . . . It says little for our free educational facilities, because I suspect that in many cases it is not lack of funds that is the problem but rather the misuse of funds. Especially when an institution can afford to maintain subscriptions to the vast array of vulgar commercial publications that perpetuate and enlarge the myths and lies that have debilitated American life. . . . In my view, any library that would choose *Time*, *Newsweek* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* over *The Nation* is undeserving of support.

Nevertheless, every reader should be urged to contribute to the Emergency Library Gift Fund. In fact, it is almost mandatory, what with the elitist ethic now pervading public politics. It is the only sure way of keeping the lines of free communication open. . . .

Supporting *The Nation* means supporting one of the key implements in the construction of a decent and humane pluralist society. . . . Radical, libertarian factions concerned with viable directives in the commercialized American climate must take care of their own. With strong reader support, neither economic duress nor the preference of libraries for the *Time/Life* brand of journalism need ever constrain the sane voices speaking freely in *The Nation*.

Kirk Ramie

BOOKS & THE ARTS

What the Light of Social Science Obscures

MIGRANTS, SHARECROPPERS, AND MOUNTAINEERS. Vol. II of *Children of Crisis*. By Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 653 pp. \$12.50.

THE SOUTH GOES NORTH. Vol. III of *Children of Crisis*. By Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 687 pp. \$12.50.

ADELE Z. SILVER

Mrs. Silver left the South (Alabama) for a Northern industrial city (Cleveland, Ohio), where she now writes a weekly column for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Robert Coles first went South, to Biloxi, Miss., as an Air Force doctor in 1958, he didn't know much about the region or its people. He'd read Faulkner, Welty, O'Connor, but nothing had prepared him for his feelings the morning he saw white men beat up blacks trying to use a Gulf Coast beach. He later described it as a kind of religious experience that transfixed him. Since then, Coles, who is a child psychiatrist with headquarters at Harvard, has observed, befriended, and talked with hundreds of Southern children, and he is still transfixed by the varieties of pain and hope they contain within their forming bodies and struggling spirits.

His study of black and white children in the first desegregated schools in the South—published in 1967 under the title, *Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear*—grew into what he might call his life's work, and what others may call his obsession. He might even agree to that latter term, if it were not an overworked psychiatric one; psychiatric words irritate him. In part, he echoes the irritation of the adults he has gotten to know during his work, who resent the social scientists, political activists, and do-gooders poking around the South. "I don't like feeling sorry for myself," one farmer told him, "and I don't like my wife to get doing that, nor my children. Nor do I like others, anyone else, to say: 'Isn't it sad, how bad off they are out on that farm.' We have people who will come by and try to get you feeling all bad about yourself and how you live. I don't like it, not having much money . . . but I get by, and I'd like to keep trying to get by."

Coles is also expressing his own anger and impatience with the rhetorical labels and abstract theories that plague social psychiatry and social reform movements.

Over and over, he acknowledges his debt to Erik Erikson and Anna Freud, both of whom insist on direct observation and helpful listening as the basis of good psychiatric work. Coles is in the line of those who listen, watch, work with, care about, and identify themselves with—rather than label—the poor: Simone Weil, George Orwell, Carey McWilliams, Dorothea Lange and Paul Taylor, James Agee and Walker Evans; like them, as Dwight Macdonald said about Agee, he has many gifts, "including such odd ones, for intellectuals, as reverence and feeling." Openly reverent of the dignity and mystery of each individual human creature, Coles writes the same way he approaches his work. His prose is sensitive and sometimes embarrassingly lyrical; he responds to these children and the grownups who affect them, and is stirred as he thinks and writes about them.

Coles's sympathetic spirit and graceful prose make his work appealing to middle-brow readers and maddening to more belligerent radical ones. His studies of the Southern poor have enraged those who wish he would come right out and say that the sharecropping system stinks; that the big growers who hire migrant workers ought to be forced into profit sharing or paying union wages; that the mine companies (and the mine union) are corrupt and ought to be busted wide open.

Not Coles. He is intent on listening, on understanding how the people tied together in these enterprises—the plantation owner and his bossman and tenants, the growers and their crew leaders and pickers, the mine owners and union bosses and their miners—know and fear and envy one another, depend on one another, pass on their feelings and attitudes to their children. Like the extensive literature on America's poor that has preceded him, literature Coles calls "extraordinarily eloquent and powerful books, all so carefully written and meticulously documented," his books are admired—and ignored. The poverty grinds on and on, and so does the writing of books. Coles's books (and his several hundred articles), whose very efforts at fairness, balance, restraint, allow his readers to feel, sigh, and then put aside these alien lives to go on to their own concerns, have achieved very

little more than earlier eloquent books in rousing public awareness or conscience. In the writing, he has earned a respectable place in American social psychiatry, has won numerous awards and a substantial audience. Are these the reasons Coles adds his books to the ignored albeit eloquent pile? I think not. Through all his writing runs the need to bear witness, almost a religious witness, to individual dignity and mystery—and to his own struggle to become and remain aware of that mystery. At heart his is a religious struggle.

Approaching his chosen task—"to describe certain lives coming to terms with political and social changes"—as a physician first, Coles tries to observe and at the same time "to let rest, in the sense of retaining whatever shred of dignity, against great odds, it is possible for such people to have—a dignity that certainly deserves to remain uncontaminated by the careless, self-centered, presumptuous, even barbarous technical vocabularies that flourish all about us these days." (The only direct comment on his manner that he reports is one that clearly pleased him: explaining her family's curiosity about him, a woman confides, "I think maybe that was the first time any of us, we'd seen a man in a suit be shy—I mean be shy himself and be shy with words, too.")

Getting to know poor people and their lives, Coles found what he expected as a physician—grim poverty, hunger, pain, untreated disease—and much that as a psychiatrist he didn't expect. He discovers sharpness of vision and coherence of mind in many poor people. He recognizes what most comfortable liberals do not recognize, no matter how regularly told by crustier conservative friends: clear-cut economic and political wrongs are not inevitably translated into the same clear-cut psychological alternatives—the poor do not become uniformly brutalized or despairing. Faced with humiliating day-to-day existences, more than he expected manage to find "for themselves moments of satisfaction, accomplishment, and self-respect."

But, moved by the unexpected resilience, he reminds himself: "nor can an observer like me allow his shame, outrage, and compassion to turn exhausted suffering people into courageous heroes, who though badly down on their luck, nevertheless manage to win a spiritual

victory. I fear that rather another kind of applause is in order, the kind that celebrates the struggle that a doomed man tries to put up."

Doomed. The adults feel they are and so, gradually, do the children. Young migrant children, black or white, have a short spell of confidence, leaping gleefully along the rows, shouting how much they've picked, how fast. Lively, wide-awake, enterprising, self-reliant early, they become dilatory, leaden, dazed ("necessarily on the move a lot," Coles notes, "they yet appear motionless"), as they grow into an increasing awareness of their disoriented lives and see chaos unfolding before their eyes. Awareness of chaos? A migrant father: "There will be a time, you know, when I'll ask myself what I ever did—maybe in some other life—to deserve this kind of deal. I mean I feel there must be someone who's decided you should live like this, for something wrong that's been done."

Sharecropper mothers cling to their young, who are, like migrant children, sick a lot of the time. Sharecroppers' children (mostly black, but some white tenant farmers are still stranded here and there in Southern fields) learn at least a sense of place, though that sense is tentative and depends on the decision, or whim, of the landowner to keep his fields in cultivation instead of turning them over to lumber or cattle and sending his sharecroppers packing. A 9-year-old sharecropper child, feeling her family's tension about staying on the land or leaving it before the landlord evicts them, whispers: "You know what I'd like to be, if I'm going to be in this county all my life? I'd like to be a scarecrow, I'd have the easiest life, just standing there, and they wouldn't be pushing on me, calling me bad names. The lady, she said I was an 'uppity little nigger,' I heard her, because of how I look, or how I carry my head, or something. . . . The only thing is, I'd like to be alive and fly, not just standing there . . . if I could fly around, I'd always come back here, because my grandma says they don't like blackbirds in the city."

By the time migrant and sharecropper children become 11 or 12, despite differences in mothering and living habits, a common fate awaits them: the swift decline of childhood, the abrupt beginning of adult working life. At 12 or 13, the light moments begin to fade, the world shrinks and toughens, the battle is joined. A thin adolescent, husband and father at 15, puzzles out loud: "I don't know; it seems yesterday I was just helping out, and now it's all on me, life."

Uprooted migrant children see the land as the cause of their confusing irregular life and draw harsh pictures of it for the shy but relentlessly curious doctor. Sharecropper children, a little wistfully, make sad pictures of it, the land that belongs to somebody else, as life's one reliable element; Larry, who drew corn and tomatoes in his picture, explained he was fooling the bossman who won't let Larry's mother use the land to grow real vegetables to feed her family.

Mountain children, hidden away in their hills, grow up to know and love the land, their land, as intimately as they love their family; they learn their place in a universe rooted in their creek, their hollow, and the land dominates all their pictures. Appalachians, the yeomen on whom John Kennedy and John Rockefeller IV built their political lives and to whom Coles is drawn by their pride and courtesy, feel almost mystical ties with their land and a strong will to survive on it. With the mines closed, the land offers only love, no livelihood, and they are torn between the land and reluctant exile to the city.

Vastly responsive to their parents, mountaineer children are raised with an "unnerving" mixture of warmth and detachment, with firmness and a generosity that borders on indulgence. Like their parents, mountain children quickly learn to look on life as a stalemate, to believe it has plenty of good as well as plenty of bad, to shift from ambition to futility in abrupt changes of mood, to feel "an awful lot of plenty" to be high-strung and uneasy about.

All these rural Southerners of Volume II have so far shunned becoming part of the urban unemployed. They hear and speculate anxiously about the jails, the rats, the dope, the welfare ladies with which the city abounds, and anxiety still outweighs hunger. Those who have moved North—cousins, brothers, even some of the families who reveal their lives in Volume II—and the city people who affect them, are the characters of Volume III, which deals with the all-too-familiar stuff of urban gloom.

Coles adds very little, in Volume III, to what many urban observers before him have documented. His first observation is that ghetto childhood, like rural childhood, is short and swift: poverty exacts the same price from children everywhere. Only in discerning the changes effected in people recently rural, recently Southern, does his special and sympathetic skill prove useful. The land is replaced by the street. The children miss, they tell him, sunrise, sunset, seeing the moon without electric lights to

dim it, and they resent the new fear of robbery: "The nothing we have is all locked up," one complains. But the children adjust quickly to city life, unlike many of the adults, who feel the city to be a place of exile, a place they had to come to because they couldn't stay where they were. A mountain mother: "We left the happiness we had back home so we could stay alive here."

All of them summon some measure of the "happiness back home," remembering even the bad times with nostalgia. Some are amazed by the intensity of the resentment they had kept bottled up back there for so long—a ghetto minister reports they "wonder how they were able to stand it"—but still they long for "back home," miss and mourn what is left behind. Rationality never cured homesickness.

Rationally, they are glad to be gone. They make money, not much but a sight more than the few hundred cash dollars they saw in a year. They can rush their sick children to hospitals, put them in steady schools, though only a few are as lucky as the black children bussed to a suburban school by a black driver who admires and envies and educates his young passengers every morning. "I let 'em fight and wrestle on the bus so they'll get it out of their systems before going in, and when they get off, I yells, 'Give 'em Hell!'"

Sharecropper and mountaineer families—few migrant families make the break—differ in some adjustments to the city. The most obvious, remarked by many welfare workers and already absorbed into the racist mythology of the cities, is that mountaineers are too proud for welfare, and blacks are not. Coles reports words of the poor themselves that support this sweeping generalization, and then he tries, a bit limply, to analyze it: "Blacks have always had to depend upon the hated and feared and envied enemy. In contrast, the poor in Appalachia have had sanctuaries of their own that no authority would dare approach."

In most ways, the adjustments are similar. They long for home, but know their children are better off in the city. Like most immigrant groups before them, they send money home, feel strong allegiance to the kinfolk left behind, raise their children to be "a credit to their people." Children are the hope. Having children is one of the consolations of poverty, one of the few joys allotted to the poor. Woman after woman, black and white, city or country, tells Coles how good she feels when she's carrying a child: "I feel proud, like I can at least make a baby, and maybe he'll have it better than us. . . ."

However the true consolation is religion. In a rare burst of angry sarcasm, Coles declares that educated, city-bred, sensitive sympathizers can put up with, even manage to admire, the language, the music, the habits of the rural poor, "but our forbearance wears thin at the church door." Acknowledging all the explanations of the piety of the poor—reassurance, delusion, sound and superstition designed "to make people compliant, slightly dazed, and ridiculously hopeful"—Coles steadfastly admires the power of the Christian faith to heal poor people, to knit their careworn bodies and soothe their battered spirits, and equally admires the capacity of so many poor to sustain the faith and be sustained by it. More than one believer explained to him the profound sense of identity with Jesus: He suffered, and we suffer, and we live the life He led—mocked, driven, rejected. A migrant father: "I tell my kids every day that the Lord had troubles, just like ours. I tell my kids every day that they shouldn't forget that in God's eyes we're better people than those growers think, or the sheriff." A black sharecropper's wife: "I truly believe if God didn't have a purpose for us suffering here in Alabama, we wouldn't be."

That intimate identification comes to the city, with sharecroppers and mountaineers alike, but both, puzzled, wary of the new ways, lament that in the city they feel, "God has a lot more on His shoulders than us. . . . He's got to be busy, and that means He wants us to be more on our own. . . ." And so they are. The hardest decision of all has been made: they have left home. Now they are being tested in the new life. Back home, they knew who really owned the land, but now they live in a place that's "not God's world, but is all built by man." There is no place left to move to, and the religious talk acquires an apocalyptic edge. Some are pushed away from faith by the faster pace. Some, the militant ones, are enraged by it, and the few who grow comfortable become, like the waves of poor before them who left misery and the awareness of misery behind, simply indifferent.

But for most the faith persists. Watching these men and women and their families saying heartfelt grace over a meal the vast majority of American citizens would find hard to eat, Coles is stirred again by the mystery of the human spirit. So he writes his long, eloquent books, as testimony to that mystery. Reverence and feeling are, for him, the only real ways to touch the mystery of how a poor, bedeviled, hungry man, who sees his children hungry every day, can yet trust in justice, and in his own eternal dignity. □

The Dialogue of Hoe and Plow

WOMAN'S ROLE IN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT. By Ester Boserup. Allen and Unwin. 275 pp. \$6.25.

SUSAN WATTS

Miss Watts, who holds degrees in geography from the University of Nottingham, England, has done field research in Uganda. She teaches geography at the University of Missouri (Kansas City).

Ester Boserup is a Danish economist with considerable agricultural research experience. Synthesizing a wide range of material from Asia, Latin America and tropical Africa in an authoritative and readable volume, she makes a valuable contribution to a debate that has too often been emotional and culturally parochial. Her approach to a topic that many people have come to view solely in the light of women's liberation polemics is refreshingly low-keyed without any sacrifice of point. For example, in discussing the formal and informal rules which restrict the employment of women in the developing countries, she casually remarks that this is a system of discrimination "which, incidentally, is extensively used in industrialized countries." Her

even-tempered book leaves us in no doubt that this is quite literally a man's world.

Mrs. Boserup discusses woman's role in the rural economies of less developed societies, and in the towns, and in the transitional stages between these. The starting point of her study is the rural areas, where the great majority of the population lives. Most studies of the subject touch on the role of women in this crucial sector, and suggest that a woman's social position is related to such things as the kind of crops grown, the level of technology, the intensiveness of cultivation, and the relationship in the given economy between subsistence food crops and crops grown for sale. The author proposes a tentative classification of agriculture in the developing world into male and female systems. Broadly speaking, her argument is that women predominate in agriculture where shifting cultivation, using the hoe, is practiced. After the men clear the land of its original vegetation, the women do most of the cultivating and harvesting. The predominance of women in agriculture was challenged during the colonial period when cash crops were introduced and

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men gave up their traditional hunting role to grow crops for sale. In contrast, where a plow is used, men do all the cultivation, and the role of women tends to be reduced to that of a mother and household worker. Perhaps that tendency accounts for female seclusion in Arab and Hindu cultures; the pattern has not emerged in some areas of high population density and intensive land use, such as Egypt and China, where the plow is employed but the women work alongside the men in the fields.

It is difficult to generalize about women's experience when they move to the towns. The change might be much more disruptive in the developing world today than it was for women in 19th-century Europe and North America. Women in many parts of Africa, the area of female agriculture par excellence, have almost exclusive control over the production of food crops for themselves and their children. This gives them a measure of economic independence even in polygynous households, in which each wife's economic activities are often quite separate. Moving to town frees such a woman from field tasks and the most arduous domestic chores. But employment opportunities may be limited, and what work is available to the unskilled is likely to be ill-paid and of low status. In contrast, it might be easier for a woman who has lived in seclusion in Arab or Hindu areas to find, in an urban environment, opportunities for education and employment in teaching or medicine; where institutions are segregated on the basis of sex there may well be no competition from men in such activities.

In treating the role of women in economic development, the *concept of development* is of central importance. Unfortunately Mrs. Boserup defines this key notion in the most conservative terms, a fact that detracts considerably from her treatment of the whole issue. She appears to believe that development means becoming more like the already industrialized, wealthy countries. Many experts now consider this assumption totally unrealistic because of the present high rates of population growth, the high percentage of the population in the developing world engaged in agriculture, and the enormous disparity between the levels of per capita consumption in the industrialized and developing countries. But long before the current concern about population growth, limited resources and pollution, economists were questioning the assumption that the study of economic development should be based on the experience of already industrialized countries. Communist or capitalist. Rather, they argued that each local situation should be examined on

its own terms, as well as within a world setting, and development goals should be consistent with the real conditions and with the needs and desires of the people themselves. Thus many observers question the desirability of the emergence of private property in land in regions like some parts of tropical Africa where it has not yet occurred. Such a change, especially when associated with land shortage, or a rapid rate of population growth, leads to pronounced rural inequality and landlessness and has been shown to contribute to political instability.

Perhaps Mrs. Boserup's conservatism is best revealed in her attitudes toward population growth, which she appears to regard as generally advantageous. In her present book, as in her earlier one, *The Conditions of Agricultural Growth* (1965), she presents the hypothesis that population growth gives the farmer a reason for adopting new, more intensive methods of cultivation. She still regards the African rural population as "scanty" in relation to resources. But there is already considerable evidence of a population pressure in many parts of Africa that has led to soil depletion and to deterioration in farming methods. Even if there were no areas of population pressure in tropical Africa at present, the projected future population growth rate would appear to be much too rapid to accommodate the kind of agricultural change envisaged by Mrs. Boserup. For

example, the most recent estimates indicate that the present growth rate for the three East African countries of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania is at least 3 per cent a year. If this rate continues, and the indication is that it may well accelerate, the population of these three countries will double in twenty-five years.

Population growth in the developing countries is related to another disturbing phenomenon to which Mrs. Boserup gives insufficient emphasis, that of urban unemployment. One may grant that greater efficiency in the use of rural labor is still theoretically possible in some parts of the world, and that employing women does not necessarily deprive men of jobs. But it is surely rash of Mrs. Boserup to call a chapter of her book "The Employment Scare." To acknowledge fully the problems of rapid population growth and unemployment in the developing countries of the world is not to be a pessimist, but a realist.

Paradoxically, it is Mrs. Boserup's refusal to follow the current rhetoric, and her insistence on considering how women can contribute to the improvement of the standard of living in the developing countries, which is the main strength of her book. Perhaps true equality among men and women might best be measured in terms of contributions to the well-being of the whole of society, rather than in Western terms which stress personal, individual satisfaction. □

Picture of the 'Invisible Hand'

"FREE ENTERPRISE": The Opium of the American People. By Victor Lebow. Oriole Editions. 145 pp. \$4.50. Paper \$2.50.

OTTO NATHAN

Mr. Nathan, an economist, taught at various universities, among them Princeton, Columbia, Vassar and Howard. He is the executor of the estate of Albert Einstein.

This is, in many respects, an unusual book. It is written in a most sober style and without any of the worn-out rhetoric that characterizes so much of contemporary "progressive" literature. It has a clearly defined theme: the profit motive in a private enterprise economy. It recognizes that a large part of the shortcomings, deficiencies, inadequacies and injustices of the economy and the social fabric of the United States is not the work of evil men but the result of historical forces which good and bad men utilize and exploit to their own advantage. It shows with great clarity the economic and polit-

ical interdependencies in contemporary capitalist society. It emphasizes the enormous obstacles that any major change in the structure of the American economy would have to face. This is one of the many contributions which the book can make to the enlightenment and education of political activists in present-day America.

Victor Lebow thoroughly understands the American economy and the men and forces that act in it. He gathered that knowledge chiefly from having been very effectively active himself in various capacities and in several areas of the economy, possessed as he was of a keen eye for observation and an unusual capacity for critical understanding. The book, although a smallish volume, presents an astounding collection of facts, in simple and readable language through which the wit and compassion of the author often shine.

The book will be particularly valuable to young readers, as well as to older ones who have had no opportunity to

study the character of that "invisible hand" which directs the operations of capitalism. Mr. Lebow explains it through the happy device of combining economic analysis with economic history—describing and explaining not only how things are but also how they came to be that way.

In the last few decades, the great concerns of the progressive literature referred to earlier were the "giant monopolies," the "corporate state" and "monopoly capitalism." It is a relief to read a book in which these terms are conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Lebow is concerned to show, rather, that a system based on the profit motive of individual enterprises, great or small, is bound to lead to the excesses of present-day capitalism—which not only Karl Marx but long before him, Adam Smith, and long after him Thorstein Veblen, anticipated, duly characterized and castigated. These men understood that an individual might personally feel a social responsibility. But when the individual becomes a "business," he is driven by environmental necessities to strive for the maximization of profitability—regardless of the human and social costs incurred in the process. It is one of the merits of the volume that this is demonstrated by means of many examples. What is also demonstrated is that it is often quite impossible to make basic, structural changes in the economy and to accomplish more than improvements on the existing plan. These improvements, however important they might be in themselves—unemployment and old-age insurance or a beginning of health insurance, the recognition of unions or the limitation of the working day—required almost Herculean efforts to achieve. Mr. Lebow shows the direct and indirect influence the hierarchies of corporate and noncorporate enterprises have had and still have on the Congress, the churches, the trade unions, the universities, the media of communication—in short all the institutions which ought to participate in curbing entrepreneurial excesses, restraining business and introducing into the economy a minimum of humanity, morality and decency.

In a system which is dominated by the profit motive and in which more competition still exists than many critics assume, there are hardly any limitations on what a business, big or small, is prepared to do to assure its survival, gain or maintain a superior position in its field, help to destroy or weaken its competitors, and maximize its own profitability. In many impressive examples, Mr. Lebow discusses the use business makes of oversized advertising and public relations institutions, bribery in different forms, and various other

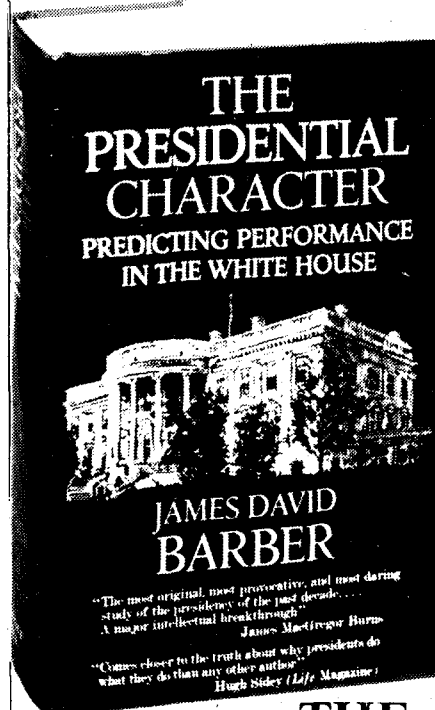
devices. Similarly, he makes it understandable why modern technology was bound to change not the essence but the technique of the profit motive, and why technological developments since the middle of the last century had to lead to man-made monopolies, mergers, conglomerates, and—finally—multinational formations. The political implications of these institutional changes could not have been described in detail in a volume which was designedly small. But they are by no means ignored; at very least, the reader will feel induced to seek additional information.

The author's profound knowledge of the system under which Americans live, and his understanding of the relationships in society—at one point he speaks of the "impotence of individual enterprise"—have convinced him that a transformation is bound to come. It is in connection with Mr. Lebow's projection of the possible developments that I may have some doubts and would like to raise some questions. Mr. Lebow would certainly share my conviction that none of us can do more than speculate—in every sense of the word—about the future, even the near future.

He has, of course, no illusions about how deeply entrenched the real owners of private enterprise are in the United States. Nor has he any doubt that the political opposition in America is appallingly weak, disunited, and without the power that would be necessary to sustain successfully a fight against such an adversary as modern capitalism—and this despite the militancy that was displayed in the latter 1960s. That is why Mr. Lebow is convinced that the transformation of the economy cannot come from within but only by compulsion. He places much hope in a new generation of college and university students, if the academic institutions prepare them adequately for these special tasks. Are we justified in assuming that those institutions, which Mr. Lebow earlier had so convincingly described as part of the existing Establishment, will change so profoundly? Are we justified in assuming that a significant number of students, having gained in a changed college atmosphere a measure of social responsibility and an understanding of the necessity of structural changes in the economy, will still be imbued with those social views when they finally reach positions of power and influence? Does the development toward a more decent, moral and ethical economic system in the United States depend merely on men and women who have gone through college? If not, who, under present conditions, will try to infuse revolutionary ideas and ambitions into the

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WALLACE SHOT

*A fool has dumped another martyr in our groaning ditch.
Sympathy wrestles with horror. . . . Only the guns come easy.
Only the guns wait in stores for the instant redemption
Of quiet men with nothing else to point
When merely pointing the finger is like staring at yourself,
It changes nothing. The loners, quiet men, lurkers
Are making history the only way they know how.
The boy who told me the news, a crossing guard
Nonchalant in his uniform, wished it had been Nixon,
But was still excited enough. The woman who gave me a ride
Was happy, though she granted shooting was not the way.
So much excitement! like the rapt expressions
Of bored passers-by taking in the demolition
Of old buildings. At least something happens,
But the wrecking-ball swings and pounds in the pit
Of our churning sideline stomach. Wait and see:
The martyr will make the silence scream,
While most of the loners learn to huddle in harracks
And a few examine the daily papers page by page
For suitable targets. . . . The news is out:
Wallace will live. Am I still breathing?*

Todd Gitlin

a poem in small letters

*five people dressed in black
are turning the corner*

*into the light of summer
sun an old woman
gagging on her life
spits pieces of her heart
into splinters of Kleenex*

are turning

*at night she goes in
a rented room
exists ten minutes at a time
her grey fingers are shaking*

*five people dressed in black
their faces smudged with despair*

*while the old man blinks in the park
at the sun
holding the smoky stub of his life
soft green
two blind men stumble
the sky rains tar
and a black girl with a crazy feather of orange
stuck in her hair eyes a blond boy with a mouth
as sweet as love*

*ten legs covered in black
are turning the corner*

*men open their mouths to
women open their legs to end
a transvestite is baring his breasts around the corner
dressed in black, coming.*

Anna Cosman

ALONE IN THE COUNTRY

*The wind has rented a cabin in my face,
An ambulance arrives,
filled with fruit,
in the dusk just after dinner.
Beside the porch, a dead goat
swallows the roots
of a poplar;
the hummingbirds fall over
into a bucket. Asleep on its latch,
the kitchen door opens,
and firemen varnish
the last of the flames.
All night,
the bones of my face
will open
and close, like windows.*

John Eskow

SWEATY WOMAN

*There in the south room
she lies with the February sun
that enters on the busy, simple
sparrow's song. Sweaty woman,
out of the kitchen. Lost
to her children. She needs
no man; she yawns and twists
around on the rumpled sheets
to stretch her vertebrae,
smells her skin and smiles.
She lies out in the light
simply there.*

Rich Messer

ANNIVERSARY

*Every night for five years
he chewed on her
until her fingers were red & ragged
until blue veins hung out of her legs
until the children tumbled
like baby kangaroos
out of raw crimson pouches
in her stomach.*

*Now she was done.
She had once been a woman.
She had once sprinkled perfume
from the split ends of her hair.
She had once left a silver trail of sequins
in the moonlight
& slipped between the clouds.
She had once sucked
on inky fingers at school
& drawn a perfect india ink man.
She had once prayed to movie stars & poets.
She had once cried into the Rubaiyat.
She had once worshipped swizzle sticks from Birdland
& dreamed of a man with perfect teeth
& a wedding in a carved block of ice.*

Erica Jong

many millions of young people who have never seen the inside of a college campus?

Mr. Lebow is not satisfied to have convincingly analyzed and evaluated the effects which the domination of the economy by the profit motive have had upon the human and social conditions under which the American people live. He wants to give some guidance for the future. He presents a scheme which, without force or violence, through a truly evolutionary process, would transfer private property into the hands of public authorities, such as the TVA. A law passed by Congress would provide that all corporate and private enterprises with more than \$250,000 gross receipts annually, would transfer to a public authority an annual social dividend of 3 per cent either of their outstanding common stocks or of their capital. In such a way, a "Public Authority" in each industry would obtain an increasingly large minority interest in the individual enterprise; at a certain point, each of the

various Public Authorities would be permitted to acquire complete ownership of all the corporate and unincorporated businesses of the size specified by law. This would mean the end of private ownership and private profit in a very large part of the American economy.

A great number of complex economic and political aspects involved in that scheme are not discussed by the author. They obviously lay outside the purpose of his volume and may have to be examined on another occasion. In any case, he has given us a most penetrating and lucid analysis of an economic system which has made a large part of the world's population into its captives. The book will be an eye-opener to any attentive reader; he cannot fail to recognize the interdependence between politics and economics and the indispensability of new, enlightened political organizations in the United States whose aim will not be the preservation but the elimination of private property and the profit motive as the very basis of life in America. □

Ruled by Some Power, Not Benign

AN ACCIDENTAL MAN. By Iris Murdoch. The Viking Press. 442 pp. \$7.95.

FOSTER HIRSCH

Mr. Hirsch has written for *The Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone* and *Shakespeare Quarterly*, and is at work on a book on Tennessee Williams.

Iris Murdoch's fourteenth novel is long and comfortable—just the sort of thing for a rainy weekend. Only if you come to the book altogether uninstructed in Murdoch's particular slant on sex and fate will you react as the author probably intended you to, with sustained surprise at her grimly ironic account of the entangled histories of a large and bumbling cast of characters. For Murdoch initiates, however, this English variation on *La Ronde*, the nervous characters changing allegiances according to some devilish master plan, will seem entirely inevitable: you should be able to predict the characters' ultimate positions long before Murdoch places them there. And it is exactly this cozy familiarity which is the source of the novel's uninsistent charm.

Honor Klein in *A Severed Head*, Julius in *A Fairly Honorable Defeat*, Matthew in the present novel: Murdoch can be counted on to place at the center of her sexual roundelays a power-seeking intruder who challenges the preoccupations of her very middle-class characters and

who, as master puppeteer, effects radical readjustments in their alliances. Honor is a passionate intruder; Julius is utterly detached in his methods of rearranging the lives of others; Matthew, like everyone else in *An Accidental Man*, is pretty much a failure. He lacks Honor's abandonment, he misses Julius' cool self-satisfaction. As arbiter of destiny, Matthew tries too hard, and though he enjoys secondary victories, he fails in his two grandest schemes—his attempt, under the guise of concern, to destroy his brother Austin, and his desire to claim for his own a young American draft dodger named Ludwig Leferrier. Foolish, incompetent, accident-prone Austin ends up being cared for by one of Matthew's former mistresses. And Ludwig, also escaping Matthew's control, decides to return to America.

Typically, Murdoch's characters are paired off for purposes of tidy thematic doubling. The neurotic attachment between Matthew and Austin is reflected in the novel's other sibling hostilities. Clara Tisbourne, like Matthew, wants and needs to "protect" her less fortunate sister Charlotte. Mavis feels similarly protective toward Dorina, Austin's estranged wife. Locked into endless battles for supremacy and control, all of Murdoch's characters seem destined to enact recurrent patterns of betrayal. Matthew seduces and abandons both Mavis and Dorina. Charlotte and Clara are betrayed



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A Report TO OUR READERS

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We want to thank those of you who responded immediately. Your concern has been encouraging and has allowed us to renew a good number of subscriptions that librarians regretfully had to drop. Their grateful letters are heartwarming indeed.

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by their mother, who disinherits them. Refusing Clara's sympathy, Charlotte goes off to live with Mitzi, a once famous lady athlete betrayed by Austin. Though they all spend time talking about it, no one seems able to love selflessly; sex masquerading as love is in fact the principal weapon in the wars waged by these dissatisfied characters. None of them gets what he wants because everyone is too busy trying to frustrate and control everyone else.

As in the novels of Virginia Woolf, in Murdoch's world life is in constant flux. The characters shift allegiances casually, swiftly, completely. Lacking both inner and outer security—their ownership of their houses is as shaky as their feelings for one another—they are unaware of the full extent of the ironic twists and reversals of their interlocked lives. Operating above them, manipulating their destinies, is—what? Chance? Fate? Whatever the power is, it is not benign. Is it a deity at all, or is this presence simply the author herself?

Murdoch is certainly cool. Her people may go crackers, but she remains droll, wan, amused. Hers is a cruel sense of humor; and since the characters are protected from our sympathy by the relentless irony with which they are observed, we look upon them at the same remove as their author.

Murdoch's dialogue is as dry and detached as her point of view. Her chatterboxes always address one another politely, even in the midst of severe stress. Their multiple deceptions are conducted in a manner befitting the drawing room. The author uses the characters' own voices with particular success in two kinds of recurring interludes: an exchange of letters, in which the writers are unknowingly at cross-purposes; party scenes, which consist entirely of unidentified speakers—a chorus of disembodied voices—whose excited and fragmentarily reported gossip suggests the characters' chaotically intertwined histories.

The sections in which the characters are seen from the viewpoint established by a comedy of manners are decidedly the most pleasing. Murdoch's people have a double existence. They are rooted in the ordinary, as social beings who attend a round of afternoon teas, at-homes and cocktail parties. And they are plagued by metaphysical anxiety, doubt about their ability to love or to be loved, fear of living empty lives. Though Murdoch enjoys a reputation as a philosophical novelist, it is precisely when her characters are most analytical that the novel falls flat. But when she is content to be brittle, genteel and peppery, her narrative is altogether engaging. At that brisk comic level, she is a perceptive observer of the universal human insecurities. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Whatever Chicago's art may be, it is not abstract and I think that there is not much realism either. The great topic of 19th-century realism, the city, is evident as subject matter, but it is rarely presented realistically—that is, as a record of the perception of visually unified phenomena. Hence Chicago art consists of figurative art styles based on something other than acts of observation. Although there is, for those who want to use it, a fairly precise set of terms to distinguish one kind of abstract painting from another, the description of figurative art is more primitive. To fill this vacuum there has been a proliferation of art historical labels to define Chicago art, such as Monster School, Expressionist, Surrealist, Visionary, and Eccentric. The assumption is that Chicago artists are a wild breed, intense but not as well educated as artists in New York nor as pleasant to meet socially as Californians. The problem of the Chicago School can be tested as never before with an exhibition of "Chicago Imagist Art," originated by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, which is

at the New York Cultural Center (July 21-August 27). Coinciding with the exhibition is an ample and informative book by Franz Schulze, *Fantastic Images: Chicago Art Since 1945* (Follet, \$24.95).

Schulze, as a resident of Chicago, pats the head of everybody. He is right to do so, being concerned with his city's self-definition by means of art. He sees Chicago art as getting going in the late 1940s with Leon Golub, George Cohen, Cosmo Campoli, June Leaf, Don Baum and others. Then he proposes, perhaps with some doubt in view of his qualification, a "so-called second generation" that comes on in the late 1950s. H. C. Westerman, William Schwedler and Robert Barnes are among the artists he lists, but properly he links Westerman in attitude to the first generation (and I will add below a stylistic link to the third generation). In the mid-1960s "a third identifiable generation of imagist artists" emerges, including Jim Nutt, Gladys Nilsson and Karl Wirsum.

My own reading of this march of the generations is less sanguine than Schulze's.

Certainly the first and third generations have a legible identity, with shared characteristics, but the second seems diffuse. It is a loose bunch, going this way and that and not amounting to much as an artistic or regional group. Despite this hiatus, the reputation of Chicago art is still colored by the work of the first generation. It is true that there is a predisposition toward expressionistic figuration in the Midwest, not only among the first generation of artists but among the collectors, who are strong on Dubuffet, Giacometti and Surrealism, and there is de Kooning's big, early painting "Excavation" in the Art Institute. But an objective correspondence such as this is not in itself evidence of a collective temperament that finds outlet in all authentic Chicago art.

One of the chief misfortunes of the Chicago School was to have been taken up by Peter Selz when he was a curator at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. He tried to promote a "return to the figure" in the name of a new humanism, which is, by the way, a confusing and unsatisfactory term. Despite its name, humanist art in this sense refers to an *anti*-classical, expressionistic style with themes of alienation and protest. This vulgar usage of "humanist," which implies a higher index of human feeling for Expressionists than for Abstract painters, is still in use but has never earned much credence. At any rate, the New York promotion of the new humanism came just at the time when Pop art was emerging, and that frustrated Selz's schemes. There is no doubt that the Monster School image, derived from Selz's exhibition, "New Images of Man" (1959), has not yet been lifted from Chicago art. Selz assumed that the human condition was the proper subject of ambitious art, a view that falsified the intentions of Campoli, Golub and Westerman, the Chicagoans in the show, along with Bacon, Dubuffet and Giacometti. Selz accepted the polarization of, on one side, a cluster of New York-Abstract art-pure formality and, on the other, Chicago-figuration-deep feeling. He supported expressionistic figuration therefore with exactly the same arguments that New York artists used against it. What is needed is some attention to the *formality* of art in Chicago, apart from presumed norms of crankiness and Great Thoughts.

For example, the human figure, though crucial to Chicago art of the 1950s, is frequently represented by substitutes rather than directly. Golub's imagery is usually of man in terms of Hellenistic sculpture. This means that the human figure is memorialized as well as depicted as a presence; the highly textured paint, rough and layered, is a joint image of both the erosion of stone and the abra-

sion of flesh. The human image is thus mediated by the sculptural reference: the image of statuary evokes a sense of time as an endless present. In Cohen the human figure is often presented as dolls or parts of dolls; the frail limbs and torsos imply transience and childishness. The point is that two leading painters of the first generation both employ formal devices of indirection and artificiality. This element of construction the overheated interpretations of new humanist criticism failed to account for, as it reduced art to the status of outcry.

It is not that one has any objection to an expressive art using human figures (how could one conceivably take such a position?). The trouble is with the messages assigned to human iconography. Paul Tillich, in a preface to "New Images of Man," nominated the human image in art as a defense against the twin "dehumanizing" forces of "the totalitarian system" and "technical mass civilization." It is simpler and surely no less satisfactory to view the battered figure in Golub's art as a reversal of the classical sculpture he alludes to. Classical sculpture represents man out of time, "before" time and experience have marked him, whereas Golub's figures symbolize the body

"after" time and experience. On some such reading Golub's art, like Cohen's and Leaf's, is taken out of the domain of pretentious messages but without being reduced to "pure" formality.

Don Baum, an assemblagist with his roots in George Cohen's work, became in the middle 1960s the impresario of a group of younger artists called The Hairy Who. The group represents an absolute shift from the Monster School reputation of the city, moving from expressionism to a cool grotesque. That word "grotesque" does not mean a secret revival of expressionistic impulses; in art the term refers to a style of ornamental architectural painting, originally classical and revived in the 15th century, of which Raphael's decorations in the Papal loggia are the best known example. In a typical grotesque panel, acanthus leaves might sprout creatures carrying urns or clubs, or human nudes, satyrs, canopies and fluttering ribbons might branch out of one another like an espaliered tree. The Hairy Who artists did not deliberately revive this mode, of course, but their paintings have a comparable abundance of small forms, each episode of which is abrupt and unanticipated, and this in-

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ternal intricacy and manic playfulness provide the basis of my comparison with the grotesque. There is about the group style what Erich Auerbach, writing about Rabelais, called a "lyrico-everyday polyphony."

The sources of The Hairy Who are in low Pop culture: comic books, tattooing, newspaper and magazine ads of treatments for hemorrhoids, varicose veins, athlete's foot, dandruff and unwanted hair. These are not the sources of Pop art (except perhaps for Warhol's use of an ad for a nose job); by comparison Pop art is less intimate and more complex, less cheerful and more speculative. The group's vaudeville play with the vernacular arts gives them access to a hectic, covert level of experience. They relish the period and provincial details that are often enshrined in hard-sell ads about personal hygiene and household goods.

The style of The Hairy Who, as with any group relying on popular sources, is highly graphic, that is to say, linear, and in fact the group publishes a comic book in which graphic versions of their paintings frequently appear. It is a custom, not to say cliché, of art criticism to oppose linear and painterly styles, but that should not blind one to the legitimate and often vivid use of color by linear artists. In fact, a great difference between earlier and later Chicago artists lies in the use of color. Aside from Golub's rich monochromes, which seem to have once contained all colors but to have been worn down, only The Hairy Who take color seriously. Nutt, whose scrupulous craft, as well as some of his scatological imagery, derives from Westerman, uses hard, clear local color, without blending but with a kind of splintery reciprocity; Nilsson's color is unified and warm, with soft surfaces shrewdly raising internal light and atmospheric volume.

My conclusion about the existence of a Chicago School goes like this. There is a strong first generation, but it did not lead to a younger generation of much consequence. There is no reason that it should have, since the development of its themes remains vigorously in the hands of the originators. With The Hairy Who another generation of great vitality has emerged, without significant links to the first. The mere fact of shared figuration is not sufficient to join artists of such dissimilar interests and intentions. The talent of Chicago artists is not in doubt; what does seem to be lacking is an adequate network of contacts and points of view within the art world there. Without a decent support system (made up of dealers, collectors, curators, and more critics than the hard-worked Mr. Schulze), art is likely to remain on a discontinuous basis, more like Spain, say, than Italy. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The producer-director team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, whose Indian films—and particularly *Shakespeare Wallah*—I have admired, has moved its operations to America, with depressing results. *Savages* is a picture so excessively meaningful as to be almost unintelligible. It adopts a tone of allusive sophistication to demonstrate the obvious—at least I believe the film's thesis to be that civilized man has devised modes of behavior which are at least as brutish as those of his forest progenitors. (I am not prepared to agree that this proposition is true; I call it obvious only in the sense that it has been said so often in so many ways.)

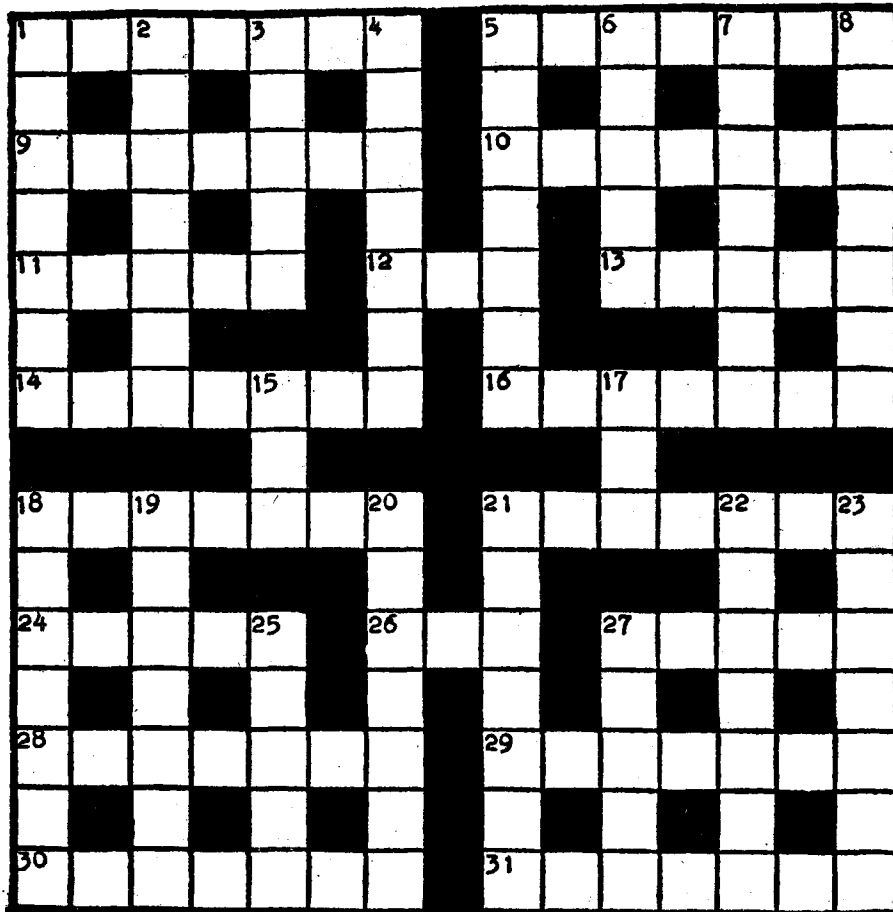
The theme is developed in a tone of parodistic playfulness whose weight must be felt to be appreciated. The picture opens as the record of an anthropological investigation, filmed for laughs at the level of a summer-camp exercise in the cinema. The Mud People, whose habits are investigated, are clearly city folk in bare feet, black-yarn tresses and papier-mâché masks, performing in unexpected ways and barely suppressing their giggles. The humorlessness of the scientific approach is underlined by occasional spurts of German (I have heard that these are familiar quotations from the great poets) on the sound track. The caricature exceeds in dullness any examples of its model that I have seen.

Into the lethal marital rites of these hominids comes bouncing a magic croquet ball, which the savages follow to a deserted summer mansion, where in a matter of hours they take on the semblances of polite society, displaying neuroses, insulting one another by candlelight, jockeying for sexual advantage and enlightening one another with banal observations on power and politics. Eventually, croquet balls come into play again, the ladies and gentlemen pursuing them back into their mud-bedaubed state.

The civilized house party of twenty-four hours consists rather more of types than persons—the bully, the idealist, the poet manqué, the bemonocled wolf of industry, the lady of pleasure, the transvestite, the ingénue, et al.—each player seems to have drawn a slip of paper from a hat. Since none of them is worth attending once you have found the label, and since their intercourse proceeds by *non sequiturs*, this main section of the film is as tedious as its primeval prelude. The script was written for Merchant and Ivory by George Swift Trow of *The New Yorker* and Michael O'Donoghue of *National Lampoon*. I don't understand how four such men could have pooled their talents to make so sad a mistake. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1450

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Shakes rattles in order to communicate, or perhaps show pictures. (7)
- 5 and 1 down 17, 22, 25 and 29 would have to be. (5,2,3,4)
- 9 Work for a spell, and then can you change the spelling? (7)
- 10 Sounds how campers might live, to an extreme degree. (7)
- 11 If you're stuck up, someone might ask you to, in dime-novel fashion. (5)
- 12 Cancer has such a subsequent sign. (3)
- 13 and 15 down Caused some aversion due to the return of one with Hansen's disease, and played first in some game. (8)
- 14 See 27 down.
- 16 Having the wrong sex around to take care of such stretches? (7)
- 18 Should be highly prized, if perhaps fed more! (7)
- 21 In his case, there was a certain amount of racism and bigotry. (7)
- 24 Copying one of those striking sounds? (5)
- 26 and 5 down Unfortunately, this Strauss subject tilted. (3,7)
- 27 Not the proper issue for a girl. (5)
- 28 Eat up in a way, like an herb. (7)
- 29 See 17 down.
- 30 Reputedly vile way of depriving someone of 18 across. (7)
- 31 No tears shed for such as 14 at one time! (7)

DOWN

- 1 See 5 across.
- 2 R.L.S.'s friendly cow did very well! (7)

- 3 How to impart knowledge to Black-beard? (5)
- 4 Commonly train a snake? (7)
- 5 See 26 across.
- 6 and 20 down Put in the ground and settle between the sides, being in the middle. (12)
- 7 Should be knocked down first. (7)
- 8 Only half of that numb and prickly feeling! (7)
- 15 See 13 across.
- 17, 22, 25 down and 29 across There's still no comparison with a rapid-firing Easterner (3,7,3,2,3,4)
- 18 Got excited like a John Held girl? (7)
- 19 One that sends out a signal from the meter, it turns out. (7)
- 21 Gives no return in engagements. (7)
- 22 See 17 down.
- 23 In one respect, error might be hard to see! (7)
- 25 See 17 down.
- 27 and 14 across Certainly not an easy-going dealer on the Mississippi at one time. (12)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1449

ACROSS: 1 Joint stock; 6 and 9 Postmistress; 10 Brittle; 11 Orifice; 12 Divested; 15 Rolls; 17 Easterner; 21 Safer; 23 Larva; 24 Funereal; 27 Retrial; 28 Leisure; 29 Dell; 30 Astringent. DOWN: 1 and 19 Job's comforter; 2 Initial; 3 Title; 4 Treatment; 5 Crowd; 7 Opinion; 8 Treasurers; 14 Tricolored; 16 Sporadic; 18 Sprinkler; 20 Marital; 22 Feature; 24 and 13 Film strips; 25 Reign; 26 Beat.

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